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THE
GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT:

OR,
Meditations and Prayers

ON THE
LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE SUFFERINGS
AND DEATH OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR
JESUS CHRIST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH NEBELIN

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Preface.

THE following Work was written by the daughter of the honored Pastor Rambach about the middle of the last century. It was out of print and almost unknown when one of the students of the Missionary Institution, at Basle, found a copy in the possession of an aged Christian woman from Wirtemberg, residing in the colony

of Helenendorf, to the southward of the Caucasus. She valued it so highly that nothing but the hope of its being blessed to others could induce her to part from it. The young student brought it to Basle, where it was revised by the venerable Pastor Köllner, then in his 75th year, who thanked God that he had been permitted to finish this revision, as he had found the work a rich source of blessing to himself. A zealous and devoted German Missionary (since entered into

her rest) lent it to the translator in the north-western extremity of India; and as it appeared calculated to make the dying love of our Glorified Redeemer a more constant subject of meditation than it usually is, even with those who know Him, some of the leisure hours of an Indian hot season were devoted to translating it. A few repetitions have been omitted, as well as an occasional metaphor carried beyond the bounds which a cultivated taste would prescribe.

I pray that this labor of Love may be made a blessing to many, and cause them to know more of that Love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

HELEN COLIN MACKENZIE.

LOODIANA, *September*, 1857.

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T H E

GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT.

LORD JESUS, thou crucified Lover of my Soul! Thou knowest the desire which Thy Spirit has awakened in my heart, that every hour of my life may henceforward be hallowed and sweetened by the remembrance of Thy Sufferings: and as Thou, O Pityer of Men, didst pass a whole day and night at the close of Thy life on earth, in the bitterest suffering—reckoning from the institution of thy precious Supper, on the Thursday Evening, to thy burial on the Friday Evening—so would I sanctify every evening, every sleepless night, every day, nay, every hour of the day, by meditating on thy Sufferings.

Oh, what grace that I am allowed to do this! What still greater grace that Thou hast inclined me to do so! Give me the strength that I need for this sweet and blessed occupation. Awaken me anew, O Lord Jesus, every day, every hour, to this end; for Thou knowest that without Thee I can do nothing — with Thee and through thee I can do all things. O Thou Lamb of God, wean me from earth, and draw me more entirely to Thyself! Let me have no pleasure or comfort when my soul forgets thy Sufferings. Truly this would be a great grace for me.

Thy precious blood has purchased blessings for every moment of my life; and how can I so fully partake of them, as by continued pondering on that bleeding Love, which, at the end of Thy Holy Life, Thou didst make manifest by suffering and dying for us.

I confess with grief that I have spent so

many hours, days and years without fruit for eternity. Oh, grant that I may the more carefully number those hours and days (perhaps few) which may remain, and that I may not increase the loss of that Time of Grace whereof I must give account. Forgive me, by thy Grace, my past waste of Time, and my great coldness of Heart. I know, O Lord Jesus, and I have often acknowledged it with tears before Thee, that I am bound to spend all that I have, and all that I am, in body and soul, wholly and constantly in Thy service, and to Thine honor. O Merciful Saviour, enable me to do so! My evil heart, which is always inclined to error, has oftentimes no will for good; my earthly mind clings to those things which are seen, and my roving thoughts take advantage of every trifle to wander. Thy watchful care, thy Holy Spirit must do all things for me. Draw me to Thyself! Awaken in me hourly fresh desires towards

Thee, and the full knowledge of Thee. Take from me all taste for earthly things ; and fill me with hunger and thirst after thy Righteousness. Oh, be Thou, and Thou alone, my all ! Let none dwell in my heart beside Thee, thou Crucified One !

O God, the Holy Spirit, make me know daily more of the Lamb of God ; make Him more precious in my sight. By the grace which thou hast given me, I offer Thee my heart ; transform it more and more by the knowledge of Christ ; and if it would draw back from Thee, oh, do thou recall it to Thyself ! Enlighten my understanding, to acknowledge a living Saviour. Take my foolish reason captive into the loving obedience of Faith. Deliver me from all dislike of the Humiliation and Suffering of my Glorious Redeemer ; and enable me to feel that, when most despised He is most precious. Take also my perverted will under Thy special discipline. Drive out its deeply hid-

den Love of Sin ; its inborn enmity against Jesus ; all, even the most subtle Spirit of Opposition ; all Disobedience against even Thy lowest whisper ; all Love of the World, and all perverted Self-Love. I give up my Memory to Thee, O Thou Spirit of Grace ! May the crucified and risen Saviour evermore dwell therein ; and if by any means, the recollection of Him should be weakened, do Thou quickly restore it. I give up to Thee my polluted Conscience ; do Thou make it pure and tender ; and, as the eye cannot endure the smallest grain of sand, so do Thou make my Conscience uneasy under the smallest stain of Sin ; and suffer it not to be quieted by aught, but by the Cleansing Blood of Jesus, and the Peace which cometh from Thee alone.

Take also my wandering thoughts into Thy charge ; make them cluster as bees around Jesus. Hallow my Words and Works ; my Doings and Thoughts ; my

Sleeping and Waking; my whole Life, my Sorrows, my Death, with the Blood of the Lamb. And may the use of the means of grace, and of all earthly comforts, be sanctified to me through the same.

In Thy name, Lord Jesus, will I endeavor to become familiar with those Sufferings which Thou didst take upon Thyself, during each hour of Thy last night and day; trusting to Thy Grace to render the recollection of them ever fresh for my daily use. May this intention be pleasing in Thy sight; and may a blood-bought Blessing accompany every meditation and every sigh!

More brightly show me, day by day,
The Lamb so meek and gracious, —
The bridegroom of my soul display,
As hour by hour more precious;
For truly He alone must be,
In death and life, thus dear to me.

The First Hour.

FROM SIX TO SEVEN THURSDAY EVENING.

MEDITATION.

IN this Hour the Lord Jesus earnestly desired to eat the Passover with His Disciples before He suffered. He had more than once eaten the Passover with them ; but we do not read that He had so earnestly longed to do so. But because this was to be the last Time, and because He intended to institute His Supper, and then by suffering, bleeding, and dying to finish the Work which the Father had given Him to do, and consequently to abolish the Old Testament Passover, He longed earnestly for this one. He well knew the Curse and the Baptism which awaited Him ; but He loved Our Salvation more than His own Life ; and this

glowing Love to Us made Him so heartily desire that Baptism;¹ for our Redemption was His Meat and Drink at this last Pass-over. Henceforth this Type was to cease, and instead of it, He was about to give us His Flesh to eat.²

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus, Thou true Passover Lamb! Antitype of all Types! Reality of all Shadows, what tender longings for my welfare glowed in Thy Heart! May my chief preparation for Communion with Thee, at thy Table, consist in a pure and ardent longing after Thee, such as may truly be called hungering and thirsting after Righteousness. Grant me the grace daily, in the Evening Hour from six to seven, to remember Thy earnest desire; yea, do Thou Thyself remind me of it by Thy Holy Spirit! and may my cold

¹ Luke xii. 50.

² Luke xii. 15. John vi. 53.

and insensible heart be inflamed thereby. Let me hourly bring that evil, torpid heart to Thee, to be warmed and quickened, and to be made like-minded with Thine. And if my wandering heart should by manifold occurrences be detained from coming to Thee throughout the day, grant that this Hour, which with desire Thou didst desire to see, may be the blessed Time of my enjoying Communion with Thee! May I feel it as the greatest misfortune when my Heart is estranged from Thine! May I offer up all I have, and all I am, to Thee, as heartily as Thou didst offer Thyself for Me! May I meet Shame and Suffering, and Death itself, as willingly as Thou didst give up Thyself to Death for my Sake! May meditation on Thy earnest desire work all this in Me. Amen!

The Second Hour.

FROM SEVEN TO EIGHT THURSDAY EVENING.

MEDITATION.

IN this Hour Our Saviour ate the Passover with His Disciples. John lay, as was his wont, on Jesus' breast; and after the Evening Meal Christ instituted His precious Supper. The Everlasting Father¹ was about to die; and would not lay down His Life until He had made His will, and appointed His Children Heirs of all His Riches, and of the Fruits of His Life, Suffering, Death, and Merits. We poor Sinners lay so near His Heart, that, when He was about to withdraw His visible presence from the World, He found out and ordained a way whereby He could dwell with us still

¹ Isaiah ix. 6.

more perfectly and in a manner still more suited to the Household of Faith, even unto the End of the World. Here, in this Sacred Meal, I, by Faith, receive Him, the Treasure of Treasures, together with all things belonging to Life and Salvation. Oh, Love unspeakable! and, oh, inappreciable Memorial thereof! After the institution of this His last Testament, He washed the Feet of His Disciples. What a Humiliation!¹

PRAYER.

My mind's unable so to soar above me,
As this to comprehend—how Thou dost love me.

O Lord Jesus! I cannot understand the greatness of Thy Love; but let me, in the strength of Thy Holy Spirit, meditate thereon. Especially in the Evening Hour, when Thou wert occupied in instituting Thy Holy Supper, let me direct my thoughts to this consideration!

¹ Matt. xxvi. 26; John xiii. 2—11.

It is the Hour at which I commonly eat my Evening Meal. May I enjoy all things in Thee ; may the hunger and thirst of my Soul far exceed that of my Body ; and may I sup with Thee by Faith at every hour of the day!¹ May I also, with hearty repentance and lively faith, as Thy true Disciple, often enjoy Thee in the Sacrament appointed in Memory of Thee, for my eternal benefit. Oh, may I rightly appreciate the importance and excellence of this Thine Ordinance ! May I prize Thy precious Testament ; and bring forth the fruits which this Heavenly fare requires. Work such in me, Lord Jesus ! Thanks and Praise and Worship belong to Thee for Thy rich Legacy ; but only in a sinless Eternity will songs of praise be duly sung for it ; for here we are too weak, and too indolent, and moreover we see but the smallest part of the Treasures which Thou hast made over to us thereby.

¹ Revelation iii. 20.

My Saviour! the place which John Thy Beloved Disciple had, is also suitable for me. To lie on the bosom of Jesus is what I long for, and what I need. John seems not so unworthy of Thy Love as I know myself to be: his whole heart was Thine; and he was faithful to Thee, even at the Cross. I find just the contrary in my own heart; but, O my Saviour, Thou dost not look at our worthiness or at our gifts; Thou receivest every Sinner who comes to Thee.

On worthiness and gifts Thou lookest never,
By no rough thorns surroundest Thou Thy Word;
Thy tender breast will shelter sinners ever,—
By all who come Thy welcome shall be heard.

Thou seekest out the most wretched, and givest Life first to these, for they have the greatest need of Thee. This gives me courage to throw myself on Thy faithful

breast, and to seek Life and Grace, and Nourishment and Refreshment from Thee alone.

Lord Jesus! the mother's milk belongs especially to her youngest born. I am the least among Thy Children; the weakest among them all. I am sick, I am sorrowful; do Thou satisfy my soul! do Thou feed me with wine and milk, without money and without price!¹ When I lie down to sleep, may I rest in Thee; when I awake, may I still lean on Thee! When I come to Thy Table, may I eat and drink, "Leaning on Jesus' breast!" May I receive Thee as a little child; and as a little child may I tell everything to Thee! ask everything from Thee; and receive everything from Thee! Oh, were I like John! were I just like a little child in mind and heart: O Lord, make me one!

Thou, perfect Example of true Humility,

¹ Isaiah lv. 1.

didst wash the feet of Thy Disciples. Thy stooping to such an act was in itself wonderful; but Thy words to Peter show that there was a hidden meaning in it. Truly, O my Saviour, if Thou wash me not, I have no part in Thee. Oh, wash me thoroughly through faith in that blood and that water which flowed from Thine own side! Grant me a thorough heart-conversion; and, when Thou hast thus cleansed me from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, keep me without spot; suffer me not to soil my feet in my Christian Walk! Let me continually come to the Fountain of Thy Blood to be cleansed from all uncleanness that still cleaves to me; that I may be a Member of Thy Bride, without Spot or Blemish, and stand fast for ever and ever. Amen!

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,—
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,—
 Rise to all eternity.

The Third Hour.

FROM EIGHT TO NINE THURSDAY EVENING.

MEDITATION.

IN this Hour Jesus sang a Hymn, and went with His Disciples to the Garden of Olives. The Lord Jesus, who sanctified Himself for us in all His deeds, forgot not Thanksgiving. He sang a Hymn of Praise, in order thereby to make our Thanksgivings and our Songs of Praise acceptable unto the Father. Thus went He cheerfully to His Agonies in the Garden. Rejoicing in Tribulation, this fresh step towards Suffering was made willingly, and of free love. He was not led, as He afterwards was, before the Judges, and to the Hill Golgotha; He now proved that He suffered freely. Oh, how did He thereby bear the penalty of,

and atone for, our aversion to the Cross! How often do *we* struggle, and what unwillingness do we show, when affliction comes upon us!

So ardent was His Love towards us, that He could not wait until the next day, but began His Work the very next hour. From Love to us, our faithful Saviour was accustomed to spend many nights in prayer in our behalf. Although rest was as needful and refreshing to Him as to us, for He was a Man like ourselves; yet He loved us too well to spend this night in sleep. We take our rest at night, and study our own comfort, while our loving Saviour watches.

But yet my faithful Saviour waketh,
And blotteth out the writ decree
That me to death a bond-slave maketh,
So that my heart now beateth free.

PRAYER.

O my Saviour, give me a thankful heart towards my Heavenly Father, and towards Thee, my greatest Benefactor! Suffer not any Hour to pass unmarked by Love and Praise. Especially enable me to begin and end every meal with Thanksgiving; and, when I have partaken of the precious Supper, turn my heart into an altar of Thank-offering, from which the fire of grateful Love may rise up to Thee! Enable me to meditate on Thy walk to the Garden of Olives in the Evening Hour from 8 to 9. Draw me after Thee; that, as Thy Disciple, I may follow Thee to the Mount of Olives. May the willingness with which Thou didst enter on Thy path of suffering be the Atonement for my unwillingness to take up the Cross. During this walk, Thou didst bear me on Thy faithful priestly heart. How didst Thou hasten to begin the Work

of Redemption! How cheerfully didst Thou go to the Field of Combat as my Surety! May Thy walk to the Garden sanctify all my walks. May they always be undertaken with a recollection of Thy Passage to the Garden of Olives. Let me consecrate my nights to Thee. This is the time when men go gladly to rest; but Thou wentest to Suffering. I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus, for all Thy sleepless nights, and for all Thy purposes of Love towards us; when Thou didst put off Thine own repose for the sake of our Salvation! May Thy prayers in the night time be fulfilled in me, and for me, whenever sleep hinders me in Evening Prayer, and especially when the Night of Death cometh.

Let Thine anguish and Thy pain,
Not, for me, be all in vain.

The Fourth Hour.

FROM NINE TO TEN THURSDAY EVENING.

MEDITATION.

IN this hour the Lord Jesus lay on the Mount of Olives, crushed to the earth by the weight of God's Wrath. He prayed repeatedly that this cup might pass from him. He feared, and was dismayed. He was sorrowful, even unto death; and, in his agony, sweated, as it were, great drops of blood. He prayed yet more earnestly, and was ministered unto by an Angel. When Amasa lay in his blood,¹ every one stopped, and gazed sorrowfully at the hero. Who would not stop, and gaze, when the Son of God Himself lies in His Blood, and sorrowfully consider Him who, for the sins of the Be-

¹ 2 Samuel xx.

holder, thus suffered? The staff of God's Wrath struck the Rock of our Salvation, and thereout came streams of Living Water. This precious Vine was so bruised in the Wine-press, that it might give forth its juice for our sakes. Were we to spend our lives in the contemplation of these sufferings of Jesus, yet much would remain over for Eternity; for there are great depths here. "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."¹ Depths of the Justice and Righteousness of God; depths of his unchangeable wrath against Sin; depths of the unspeakable Love of the Father, as of the Son, towards rebellious Sinners; depths of the Love and obedience of Jesus towards His Heavenly Father; depths of the most wonderful Humiliation, and the most unheard-of Love! Let him to whom that noble and fleeting thing, Time, appears too long, go with holy reverence

¹ Romans xi. 33.

and longing to the Garden of Olives ; there to look a little way into these Depths ; and the Holy Spirit will teach him how to spend it.¹

PRAYER.

O Sinless Lamb ! O Lord Jesus Christ ! what unheard-of things do I see in the garden of Gethsemane ! Thou, the source of all joy, art borne down by the anguish of Death, by sore amazement, and heavy sorrow. Thou, the Fountain of Life, dost wrestle with Death. Thou, the source of all comfort, dost faint for lack of it. Thou, the highest Majesty, before whom Principalities and Powers, and every knee in Heaven and Earth doth bow, boweth Thyself to the Earth before thy Father. Thou, the Image of the Invisible God, before whom the Seraphim and Cherubim veil their faces in holy awe ; Thou dost lie in the dust, and the

Matt. xxvi. 36 ; Mark xiv. 26.

Wine-press of Wrath extorts from Thee a bloody sweat. Thou didst receive comfort and strength from an Angel, whose Creator Thou wert; the Lord of all from a Servant,—the King of kings from one of his subjects! These are the wonders of that unspeakable Love which far surpasses the understanding of all Men and Angels. The wrath of the Righteous Judge; the curse of the Law; the rage of Satan; the monstrous load of ruin, and the sins of men—these heavy burdens bore Thee to the ground.

Lord Jesus! these unspeakable sorrows brought forth precious fruit for men. Oh, make me a sharer of them! Give me Faith, Lord Jesus, which may take all that Thou didst and sufferedst, as my own; done and suffered for me; whereof I may boast before the Father!

May Thy fear and Thy dismay be the ground of my peace of Conscience, and

peace with God! May Thine anguish be my comfort in Life and in Death! May Thy repeated prayers be the stay on which I lean in prayer, and the ground of a childlike boldness in drawing nigh to God! for by Thy prayers Thou hast driven away the clouds of my Sins, by which the face of God was hidden from me. Thou hast opened a way whereby my petitions have free access to the Throne of Grace. May the wrestling, the fear, and the anguish, which the bitter Cup of Wrath cost Thy human nature, be my help in every combat! May the perfect resignation of Thy pure and innocent human will to the will of the Father, teach me quiet submission and childlike contentment to all the divine leadings; even when they may seem strange to my blinded reason, and contrary to my perverse will! May the unwearied gentleness which Thou didst show to Thy sleeping Disciples in the midst of Thy sore con-

flict, be my comfort, when burdened with the weakness and sloth of the flesh; and may it be of daily help to me!

Oh, wash me in Thine own Blood, that in the Hour of Death, or rather in that of my summons to the Marriage Feast, I may be acceptable unto the Father, and the Angels may rejoice to bear home a soul thus adorned and purified!

Whenever I am in a garden, may I remember the ardent Love which Thou didst show to us; and the anguish and suffering Thou didst take upon Thyself for our sakes; and may both the labors and enjoyment of a garden be sanctified by this recollection! O Thou Heavenly Husbandman, happy is the heart which is Thy Garden, watered by Thy Blood! Oh, break the rocks; root out the thorns! and make my heart a fruitful soil! Sow the good seed of Thy Word therein; water it with Thy Grace; shine on it, Thou Sun of

Righteousness, and blow on it with the soft gales of Thy Holy Spirit, that it may bring forth much fruit !

O my Saviour, draw my thoughts to Thee daily at the time when Thou didst suffer thus for me ! Enable me, in Thy strength, and through Thy victory, to overcome all sloth ! Teach me, after Thine example, to feel the magnitude and the weight of Sin ; to understand its abominable nature ; its effects, and its punishment ! Give me a broken heart and contrite spirit ; and when I feel how feeble and imperfect my repentance is, may my Faith lay hold of Thy perfect Repentance, and offer it unto the Father ! Suffer not the sight of my daily omissions and sins, or the sense of my lost condition and misery, to weaken my weak Faith ! Teach me to say Abba, Father ! Let me learn it rightly from Thy lips ! Teach me to lay hold of all that Thou hast done, as if it had been done for me alone !

Thy dread and anguish ; Thy wrestling with death ; Thy prayers ; Thy bloody sweat, are all mine. May Repentance, Faith, and Love be my last occupation before I close mine eyes ; and when I awake, may I be ever with Thee ! Do Thou graciously make all my bed in sickness ; and let me rest in Thee, in the midst of pain, suffering, and Death !

Thy bloody couch alone shall be
To me my place of lying,
In life, and in life's agony,
My death-bed, too, in dying:
How soft will it to me be made,
How blest my weary limbs, if laid
E'en there, amid my sorrow !
Me, faithful Lamb, oh, ne'er forsake !
Grant when eye fails, and heart doth break,
Rest on Thy heart to borrow.

The Fifty Hour.

FROM TEN TO ELEVEN THURSDAY EVENING.

MEDITATION.

IN this Hour was our Faithful Shepherd sought out by his bloodthirsty enemies and betrayed by Judas with a kiss. He met them with readiness, and, when they answered his question, "Whom seek ye," by replying "Jesus of Nazareth," He made Himself known by declaring "I am He!" And at the same time a ray of His glorious Omnipotence, darting through the clouds of His deepest Humiliation, caused His Enemies, with all their swords and staves, to fall helpless to the earth! As, however, this was the Hour appointed by the Father for His Suffering and Atonement, He al-

lowed them to rise, and again declared Himself unto them, giving a free passage to His Disciples in the words, "Let these go their way."¹

Then did His Enemies fall upon Him as dogs upon a defenceless sheep; and Peter drew his sword, and cut off Malchus's ear; but the Lamb of God healed it, forbade Peter to take vengeance, and assured him that He could pray to the Father for more than twelve legions of Angels, were it not that this was the hour of the Power of Darkness; and that therefore His Disciples should patiently submit. Then the soldiers bound Him, and led Him away; His Disciples also forsook Him, and fled. Thus doing and suffering by turns marked the Evening in the Garden of Olives. How justly then should we daily set apart an Hour for the prayerful contemplation of these things; and spend it in hearty de-

¹John xviii. 8.

sires for that blessing which our Faithful Redeemer then obtained for us!¹

PRAYER.

O my Saviour, unwearied in Love, in Suffering, in Doing! How ought I to be ashamed before Thee, of my sloth and self-indulgence! I take refuge in Thy merits, in the comforting assurance, that Thou wilt give me the Victory in this matter; for I need it, I seek it, and by Thy Grace I shall obtain it.

Strengthened by an Angel, Thou goest towards fresh suffering, with fresh strength and fresh courage. Oh, grant me the Grace which Thou hast thus won for me!

Thine Enemies sought Thee without ceasing, until they found Thee. To find and to lay hold of Jesus of Nazareth was the end of their wishes. Oh, may I, in a good cause, learn to imitate them! May I

¹ John xviii. 12—24.

unweariedly seek Thee, until I find Thee ; with the hallowed intention of laying hold of Thee by Faith, and never letting Thee go ! Thou didst suffer Thyself to be found by Thine enemies, by Judas, who betrayed Thee with the traitor-kiss. Behold, I fear my own Judas-heart. Such a heart have I by nature, Lord Jesus ! but let me never rest until Thou hast wholly changed it, driven all deceit out of it, and created it unto Thyself a faithful, upright, honest heart ! I beseech Thee, grant me this grace now ! Prove me ; try my heart, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the Way Everlasting ! And, as the eyes of my Faith are too dim to find and recognize Thee, come towards me, and say I am He !” I shall know the voice of my Shepherd ; and as, when I have found Thee, the arms of my Faith are too weak to hold Thee fast, do Thou hold me, O Lord, that I may never be divided from Thee !

I am far more deeply wounded than the servant of the High Priest. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. In heart, in understanding, in will, in conscience, in memory, I am sick, both in Body and Soul. My wounds stink, and are corrupt through my foolishness. Without Thee, they are incurable; there is no balm in Gilead, except Thy Blood. There is no Physician there except Thee; and Thou both canst and wilt heal me. It is my own fault that I am so sick and wretched, therefore, O Lord, do Thou make me willing to be cured; willing to submit in all things to the management of my Great Physician!

Thou didst let Thyself be bound in my stead, in order to purchase my Freedom. Do Thou loosen my Bonds, the bonds of unbelief in the heart; of darkness and prejudice in the understanding, of Self-love and perversity in the will! From all these Bonds, do Thou free me! May Thy Bonds

work in me a thorough abhorrence of the bondage of Sin; may the least of its fetters be to me an insupportable burden! but do Thou bind me with the cords of Thy Love, that every thought may be brought into captivity to Thee! Lead me always as a little child by Thy Providence, Love and Grace. Let me not take a step without Thee! Let it be my highest honor and greatest liberty to be Thy Servant! Now, Lord Jesus, do Thou begin to melt and destroy with the fire of Thy Love, all bonds and fetters within me!

Break the bondage of Sin, and bring me into the glorious Liberty of the Children of God!

The Sixth Hour.

FROM ELEVEN TO TWELVE THURSDAY NIGHT.

MEDITATION.

IN this Hour was our Faithful Saviour led to Annas, but what occurred there is not written. Certainly it was nothing either honorable or pleasant, but much the contrary. Thence they brought Him to Caiaphas, the son-in-law of Annas, who was High Priest that year. There had all the Chief Priests, Scribes, and Elders assembled themselves, who began to question the *Great High Priest* concerning His Disciples and the Doctrine, to which He, the Wisdom of the Father, gave the most suitable answer; but a servant dared to lift his hand

against the Image of the Invisible God!¹ and to accuse him of answering improperly. The Saviour defended His own reply; it being most important for us to be convinced that every word of His was right. In the meantime Peter had denied his Lord and Master, although he had promised to go with Him even unto Death. The cock had crowed once. These were the heavy sorrows which our Mediator took upon Himself at this time. Oh, what numberless sins did He atone for, during this Hour, and what numberless blessings and Grace did He win for us!²

PRAYER.

Lord Jesus, my Surety! I pray for the forgiveness of all these sins which Thou didst atone for; and for all the fruits of the suffering Thou didst willingly take upon

¹ Hebrews i.² John xviii. 1—11.

Thyself. When I awake at this Hour, may I follow Thee to the Palace of the High Priest; but not like Peter, afar off. At that time he had no call to follow Thee; on the contrary Thou hadst told him, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now;" for Thou sawest beforehand the danger which awaited him. But, O Lord, I must, through Thy Spirit, and by Faith, press through the crowd of Thine Enemies, and follow Thee closely, that I may learn to imitate Thy meek and holy behavior; and that I may receive from Thee the blessings which Thou didst purchase for me. Thou my Great High Priest, sawest fit wisely to answer the questions concerning Thy Teaching. Do Thou teach me likewise to speak at the right time and in the right way! and let all I do or leave undone, be according to Thy Will and Thy Word, so that when called on to speak, I may do so freely, boldly, as Thou didst.

How should I appear,
Had I to draw near
In thy sight to-day?
I've endured but lightly,
Striven have I but slightly—
This I think of aye.
Lord let not me
A mockery be,
To thine enemies and mine;—
Cleanse me, now, by grace divine.

Still Thy sinless words caused a servant of Satan to smite Thee. Thus didst Thou bear the shame and confusion with which I should have stood before the Judgment Seat, if I had to answer for my sins without Thee. But Thou hast stepped into my place. Thou hast taken my shame upon Thee. Thou hast borne the chastisement I deserve for every useless and foolish word. And therefore *for Thy sake* I shall not be put to confusion at the last day.

When transgressions testifying
Loud accuse me more and more ;
When my evil conscience, crying,
Threatens condemnation sore ;
Then, oh, let Thy dying pain
Not be borne for me in vain !

Oh, fill me with gratitude for the shame which Thou hast suffered ; and when I awake in the night, awaken me to heart-felt praise of Thy Love and Faithfulness ! Thy words and Thine acts were righteous, yet Thou didst bear the stroke and the blame. My words and acts are unrighteous, yet I have no blame to bear, and am reckoned righteous in Thy sight. Let me feed on this great Truth. But as my sins are never single, so Thy sufferings are never alone. While Thou wert enduring the pain I have been contemplating, Thou wert denied by Thy loved Disciple, Peter, although Thou hadst warned him, and admonished him so

frequently to watch and pray. . How often have I inflicted the same pain on Thee! My heart is far too much inclined to be ashamed of Thee, and but little inclined to confess Thee before men, even when there is no danger in so doing. May it henceforward be my greatest joy and honor to acknowledge Thee in all my words and ways, for my *all*, even though it should cost me Honor and Life!

The Seventh Hour.

FROM TWELVE TO ONE—MIDNIGHT.

MEDITATION.

It was now midnight. Our Redeemer sanctified this Hour also by the sufferings which He took upon Himself. He was again twice denied by Peter, upon whom He looked in so touching a manner, as to melt his heart with inward grief and repentance. Oh, how evil and unfaithful are our hearts towards Our Lord Jesus! The spotless Lamb of God was, at the time of Peter's denial, accused of many things by false witnesses. He, however, kept silence; more especially as their testimony did not agree together. But though His mouth was silent, His eye spoke to the heart of

Peter. At last the High Priest himself came forward and asked if our Redeemer had nothing to answer to what these men said against Him. But He answered him not a word.¹

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus, great is Thy Love and Faithfulness! Peter denies Thee twice and thrice, yet Thou remainest steadfast. How must the behavior of Peter have pained Thee! and how must my unfaithfulness (of which I have been guilty times without number) have grieved Thee! I dare not compare myself to Peter, for I was never in such danger as he; and yet I have often shunned acknowledging Thee, even by a few words, in society, where I feared being despised. Lord, I take refuge in Thy Faithfulness unto Death; may that help me! Give me a true and faithful heart;

¹ Matt. xxvi. 69—75; Mark xiv. 55.

and may it be my greatest joy to prove my fidelity to Thee in every action! Do Thou watch over me, O Good Shepherd, with the same care wherewith Thou didst watch over Peter! Do Thou convert me fully, and teach me to watch over my faithless heart, and to be on my guard against opportunities of sin; for I see it in Peter's example, and, alas! I have often found, to my great shame, that we seldom stop at the first sin, but we always fall deeper. When I awake at Midnight, do Thou remind me forcibly of these things, and look on me in mercy, as Thou didst on Peter. At Midnight all is silent and quiet; and it is a suitable time for thinking of Thy silence under many accusations. When my Conscience and the Law accuse me, I also must be silent; but do Thou, O Lord Jesus, speak for me! and may Thy silence atone for my sinful words, and may it be a check on my talkative lips.

Thou wert silent, and didst hearken, when the High Priest spoke to Thee. O Thou Eternal High Priest, teach me to be silent; and to hearken with the utmost heed, when Thou speakest to me, either by Thy Spirit, or by Thy Word! Teach me to hear and to follow Thy still small voice. O Lord Jesus, at midnight the cry may be heard by me, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him!" Oh, give me Thy Grace, that I may be found watching, and adorned with Thy Merits, anointed with the oil of Faith; so that, for Thy sake, and clad in Thy Righteousness, I may enter in with Thee to the Marriage. Hallelujah! Amen.

The Eighth Hour.

FROM ONE TO TWO FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

It was now Friday,¹ a joyful day for the Lord Jesus;² for He rejoiced, as a strong man to run a race, although it were a thorny and painful one. The Friend of our Souls looked on this as His Marriage-day, on which He was to redeem and betroth His Bride to Himself.

And for us, too, it is a joyful day; for on it we were redeemed and won from the strength and power of our great Enemy, and were thus made free indeed. Although

¹ The Author does not seem to have been aware that the Jews reckoned their day, as many Easterns still do, from sunset to sunset, and not from midnight, as is the custom of the Germanic nations.

² Matt. 26: 64, 65.

Our Lord did not think fit to speak sooner, yet now He answered the question of the High Priest whether He were truly the Son of God, by a glorious confession. Then the High Priest rent his garments. The Lord Jesus was accused of blasphemy, and was unanimously condemned to Death. Then was our Surety most shamefully and cruelly ill-treated. The face of Him, who was "fairer than the Children of Men," was spit upon, and they who held Him mocked and buffeted Him. They covered His face and struck Him in ridicule of His Prophetic Office; and many other blasphemies spake they against Him. Under such suffering was the Great Day of Reconciliation begun and sanctified.¹

PRAYER.

My Saviour, Thou didst begin this day with suffering! May every day of my life

¹ Matt. 26: 63.

begin with Love and Praise! Thou wert unwearied in suffering; may I never be weary of meditating on Thy sufferings, or appropriating them to myself by Faith; Thou, who art the Truth, didst freely acknowledge that Thou wert Christ, the Son of the Blessed Lord. I thank Thee a thousand-fold for this good Confession; for what good would it do me if I knew all Thy Sufferings, but did not hold fast this truth, that Thou art the Son of God, the promised Messiah and Saviour of the World! This it is which gives the value and weight before God to all Thine actions and sufferings, Thy bleeding and dying. Thou knewest the consequences of this Confession; and yet the fearful injuries it brought upon Thee did not prevail on Thee to keep it back one moment. Oh, what Love! Thou didst sacrifice Thyself for the glory of Thy Father, and for the Souls of Men. Do Thou open my mouth

whenever it will tend to the honor of God and the welfare of my neighbor! Do thou teach me when to speak, and when to be silent! When I am wrongfully accused, teach me to take it meekly, not answering again.

When evil tongues are trying
To blast my fame by lying,
In meekness let me live;
In justice let me suffer;
And neighbors, when they offer
Unkindness, cheerfully forgive.

Thou who hadst honored the Father, wert accused of blasphemy; but this was needful, since Thou didst stand in my stead. Truly, O Lord Jesus, I as a blasphemer deserve that treatment which was inflicted on Thee. I deserve the blows, the scorn, and the condemnation! But Thy visage was marred, that mine might shine with everlasting glory. Thou wast

scoffed at, that I might attain to honor. Thy Confession that Thou art the Son of God, is so sure a ground of Faith, that nought can shake it. Even if Thy prophetic office is despised, Thy people know that Thou art the True Prophet, the Amen and the Faithful Witness. All the shame Thou didst undergo is but a confirmation of our Faith, since Thou didst foretell it.¹

¹Luke xviii. 31, 32.

The Ninth Hour.

FROM TWO TO THREE FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

It was at this time that the High Priests, Scribes, and Elders separated themselves. They were tired with their work, and, thinking their Captive sufficiently secured, they were willing to take some rest. Thus did they spend their strength in the service of Satan, and sacrifice their nights and their repose to Satan. How many followers have they in these days! Our Saviour was unwearied in doing good. His tender frame, worn out by His wrestling in the Garden, was supported and strengthened by His glowing Love to the Souls of Men. This was no time for Him to rest; but a time to glorify His Father, to save Sinners,

and to conquer Satan. In the meantime His guards held Him fast, fearing He might escape from them.

PRAYER.

Thus, O most precious Saviour, didst Thou sacrifice the whole night and Thy so much needed repose for me; and didst thereby atone for the self-indulgence with which I so often go to rest, before I have sought to be cleansed from the sins of the past day in Thy Blood! How can I thank Thee for Thine unspeakable Love? May it be the bequest which shall draw my thoughts to Thee; the Fire which may create a corresponding warmth in my Soul; that I may be enabled to devote this Hour to a thankful remembrance of Thee! Lord Jesus, Thou knowest how I have wasted the strength of both body and soul in the service of Sin. How often has even my rest been a Sin! Do Thou blot out mine

offences by Thine own Merits. Thou hast given me grace to offer all I am, or can, or have, to Thy Service and Honor; teach me to live accordingly, by living to Thee alone!

Thou didst suffer Thyself to be held by Thine Enemies, but it was "Love stronger than Death" that held Thee fast. A word of Thine would have laid all Thy Foes prostrate in the dust; but, no! Thou didst remain there willingly to suffer. Hadst Thou then departed, O most faithful Friend, I too must long since have departed also; but into outer darkness!—into the depths of Hell! Glory and Honor and Praise be rendered unto Thee! Teach me to hold Thee fast by Faith! Let me not grudge at times to lose my sleep, as those who guarded Thee did; thinking all well lost to keep a firm hold on Thee! May I abide in Thee, and Thou in me! O Lord Jesus, come unto me, and make Thine abode in

me! Abide in me; for the day of my life is far spent, and the day of True Life draweth nigh! How can I either live or die, if Thou art not with me!

The Tenth Hour.

FROM THREE TO FOUR FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

AT daybreak Our Lord Jesus was amid the Roman soldiers, as a Lamb in the midst of wolves! Mockery, spitting, blows, and anguish He again suffered; and perchance the Evangelists have not related His worst sufferings; but we may picture to ourselves what He must have endured at the hands of the unbridled soldiery, who thought they had a malefactor before them, who could not be tormented too much. No doubt one vied with the other in wickedness. But the patient Lamb of God bore it all in Meekness and Love, ready to undergo still greater sufferings: and amidst the deep billows of affliction that rolled

over Him, He thought only of the good pleasure of His Father, and the Redemption of His purchased possession.¹

Hadst Thou of all most scorning?
Methinks 'tis Thy adorning;
Mocks and malice to Thee tendered,
Let me count as honors rendered.

PRAYER.

Oh, My Saviour, what an Hour of sorrow was this! Thou, who hadst dwelt for ever amid the Praise and Adoration of Holy Angels, of Cherubim and Seraphim,—yea, and in the bosom of the Father,—didst abase Thyself so low as to give Thyself up into the hands of these Instruments of Satan. Ah! in what heartfelt pain,—in what intercourse with Thy Father,—in what intercession for Sinners, and for the Fruit of this Travail of Thy Soul; must Thou have passed this Hour! And how

Matt. 27: 27—29; Mark 15: 16.

Thou hast passed this Hour! And how very seldom has the same hour been devoted to praising and glorifying Thee! Setting my indifference on one side, at this time I am almost always asleep. May I, during the rest of my life, partake more of the employments of a Sinless Eternity. Do Thou now accept the Praises which, in much weakness, I offer to Thee; and, whenever I awake between 3 and 4, may my thoughts be filled with that which Thou didst suffer, and purchase for me, during this period! But when mine eyes sleep, may my heart wake to Thee! Thou hast hallowed even the sleep of Thy people: do Thou receive each throb of my pulse as a humble and hearty Thank-offering to Thee.

Another request have I to make to Thee, O Bountiful Saviour, as Salome did,¹ and yet one according to Thy Holy Word and Will.² As I know not the number of my

¹ Matt. 20: 20.

² John 16: 23.

sins, nor the thousandth part of my misery and corruption; as so much of the evil of my own heart is hidden from me; may those unknown sufferings, which in like manner are hidden from my view, atone for my Secret Sins, so that my Conscience may be at rest, and I may have free access to the Throne of Grace, through Thy perfect Merits! Amen! "Cleanse Thou me from Secret Sins."¹

¹ Ps. 19: 12.

The Eleventh Hour.

FROM FOUR TO FIVE FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

Now the High Priests, the Scribes, and Elders came together again, after having rested but a short time. Their hate against Jesus would not allow them to be quiet any longer, or they would have thought more of their own comfort. Thus it is that the perverted heart of man makes him slothful in good, active in evil.—And for this Jesus did now atone.

As soon as their wickedness had brought them together again, the Lamb of God was led before these Wolves in Sheep's clothing, who demanded of Him if He were indeed the Christ, the Son of God; to which, after reminding them of their own

perverseness, He answered, by freely acknowledging that He was the Christ, the Son of the Blessed. Then they rejoiced, thinking this sufficient reason for condemning Him to Death. In the Garden of Olives He had wrestled with Death—and now, for the second time, He was condemned to die. Every time we sin, the Law and Conscience pronounce sentence of Death upon us, and therefore was our Surety twice condemned.¹

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus, in the last day of Thy suffering, Thou hadst not the intervals of ease which Thou dost give to Thy believing People. How often in their afflictions dost Thou give them a day of rest and ease after a night of anguish, since Thou, who wast made perfect, as our High Priest by suffering, knowest how hard it is when one

¹ Luke 22: 66 — 71.

wave follows another without intermission! Thou hast passed the most dreadful night through which any one could live; and the day which followed, was, alas! a day of anguish and agony, of Darkness and Death! Hadst Thou required an interval of ease, hadst Thou waxed weary of suffering, and hadst Thou not, as Our Faithful Friend and Surety, endured even unto the end, we lost creatures, must have been a prey to Misery and Death!

Oh, that I had a thousand tongues to glorify Thine unwearied Faithfulness! Thou hast blessed every day of our lives by enabling us to rejoice always in Thy Salvation. Oh, suffer us not to turn them into days of grief through our own sinfulness!

Thou didst confess Thyself to be the Son of God. By the steadfastness of Thy Confession, do Thou atone for my unsteadfastness in all that is good! Thou didst confess Thyself to be what Thou art, even be-

fore Enemies who thirsted for Thy Blood: may I by grace follow Thine example, and, without reservation, fully acknowledge myself to be what I am! Truly, I have need to beseech Thee for this grace, for my heart is most false! David refrained his lips; and it was pain and grief to him. Let me take warning by him, and not be careful, even though Evil should come upon me for my Confession, as it did upon Thee for Thine; for the more open-hearted I am towards Thee, O Thou Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother, the more help and grace may I look to receive at Thy hands! Therefore, I confess to Thee, Lord Jesus, that I am a poor Sinner, entirely ruined by the Fall, with not a spark of goodness in me by nature. Since it is from my natural enmity against Thee that my innumerable actual sins proceed, so that I have merited Hell a million of times; and that, lying in such a miserable state, no

Creature in Heaven or Earth can help me !
I am the greatest, the most wretched, the
most lost of Sinners, and need an Almighty
Physician, who can heal me thoroughly ;
even Thyself, Lord Jesus, Thou Redeemer,
Saviour, and Glorifier — Thou Son of God,
His Anointed One !

Yes, so great are my debts, O Lord, that
no one but Thou canst pay the monstrous
sum of them ! My soul is so bespotted with
the stains of sin, which I can no more take
away, than the Ethiopian can change his
skin, or the Leopard his spots, that nothing
but Thy Blood, O My Lord and My God,
can make me white as snow. Yea, O Lord
Jesus, I confess myself to be such an one
as Thy holy eyes, which are as a flame of
fire, seest me to be ; and Thou knowest
what I should have been, if Thou hadst
withdrawn Thine hand from me, and given
me up to mine enemies ! This is my Con-
fession, O My Redeemer ; and, did I not

know of the good Confession which Thou didst witness, I should perish in my misery. But, as I have learned from Thine own mouth that Thou art the Christ, my anointed High Priest, Prophet, and King, — yea, that Thou art the Son of God, whose works and sufferings are of eternal value, — I may not doubt, but rather give thanks. Yea, My Redeemer, Thou hast begun to help, to save, to heal, to wash me — to exercise Thy whole Office as Saviour toward me! Thou wilt not leave Thine own Work undone, but wilt fully perfect me to Thine Honor and my Blessedness. Yes, in Thee, Lord Jesus, am I already perfectly righteous, holy, and blessed! Since Thou wert condemned to Death, therefore, in and through Thee, have I Life, Eternal Life! Hallelujah!

The Twelfth Hour.

FROM FIVE TO SIX FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

THE whole Council stood up together, and bound Jesus (either again or still more firmly), and led Him away to the Hall of Judgment, and delivered Him unto Pilate. This was early in the Morning. Now, when Judas saw that He would be put to death, he brought back the money, acknowledged the innocence of Jesus; and went and hanged himself. This was a sorrowful Hour for the patient Lamb of God. His prophecy, that He should be delivered up to the Gentiles, was now fulfilled; and the Good Shepherd mourned because He must lose one of those Sheep on whom He had bestowed so much care. Fresh billows of

suffering rolled over Our Surety. Every hour discovers new depths of His Sufferings, new depths in His Love.¹

PRAYER.

O Gracious Friend of Sinners, Lord Jesus, Thou didst suffer late in the Evening; let me remember Thy sufferings when the day is far spent! Thou didst suffer far into the Night: let not Thy sorrows cease to occupy my mind in the Night season! Thou didst suffer early: may my heart arise unto Thee, to consider and to magnify Thy Love! Thine enemies bound Thee tighter. I in Spirit kiss those bound hands, which fashioned me in my mother's womb, and which have led me so lovingly all my life long! I place myself in Thy hands, O Lord, knowing that Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me! O Most Precious Saviour, may I receive the full benefits of Thy

¹ Matt. xxviii. 1—5.

Bonds and Wounds! Thou wert dragged from one place to another! oh, sanctify thereby all my goings, that I, too, may move from one place to another in remembrance of Thee! Yes, abide with me, Lord Jesus, in my goings out and comings in; when I am in the house, and when I am by the way! Abide with me in Life, that in Death I may abide with Thee!

Thou didst suffer Thyself to be led before a Heathen Judge. Oh, what grace is it that my Judge is my Brother and my Bridegroom! Therefore shall I not be condemned. Judas, Thy former Disciple, despairs, and hangs himself. This is the work of *Sin*. At first it is pleasant to the taste, but afterwards it is gall and poison to the soul. This is the work of Satan. Before sin is committed, he diminishes it, afterwards he magnifies it to the startled Conscience as greater than the immeasurable Grace of God. Oh, let me, by the exam-

ple of Judas, learn the abominable nature and the frightful consequences of sin, and grow wise thereby! It is easy, by one incautious step, to fall into the snare, but very hard to get out of it again. Arm me, O Lord Jesus, with a holy hatred against all sin; especially against the sin of covetousness, which is the "root of all evil;" and likewise against falsehood and deceit! Judas brings back the money before he hangs himself; so little peace does ill-gotten goods leave in an awakened Conscience.

But, O Inestimable Saviour, at what a price wert Thou, Our Heavenly Treasure, priced at! Thy Disciple gave thee up for thirty pieces of silver! The world gives thee up for its empty, sinful pleasures! And, O Wondrous Grace! He who best can prize Thee, Thy Father which is in Heaven, though He sees that a poor Sinner has nothing to pay,—not even to purchase one

drop of thy blood,—yet He freely gives Thee to all who ask. What shame and confusion must be my portion, if I do not seek Thee with longing Faith for my eternal welfare! O, teach me to prize Thee above all things, and count all things but dross and dung for the Excellency of the Knowledge of Thee!¹

With the thirty pieces of silver, they bought the Field of Blood. See, Lord Jesus, my heart is a Field of Blood, for Thou hast bought it with Thy Blood, and dost evermore sprinkle it therewith! Oh, make it bring forth fruit! Do Thou watch over it, My Lord, and My Owner! I was unfruitful, I brought forth nothing but weeds, briars, and thorns; but Thou hadst compassion on me, and didst purchase me with a Price, a million-fold above my worth, in order to deliver me from this state! Surely this wondrous grace must ever keep me

¹ Phil. iii. 8.

from despair, and give me fresh courage and strength to press onward! At dawn may I ever remember that Thou art my Owner and Possessor; so that I may consecrate myself to Thee afresh every Morning!

The Thirteenth Hour.

FROM SIX TO SEVEN FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

THIS was a Time of Accusation. Then the Accuser of our brethren stepped forward in his Instruments, and accused Jesus, "the First-born among many Brethren." The Most Holy was called a Transgressor, and many sins were laid to His charge; but He answered nothing, for he stood in the stead of Sinners. But, when Pilate asked Him if the assertion, that He gave Himself out to be a King, were well founded, He answered openly that He was a King, and that for this cause came He into the World, that he should bear witness to that Truth—thus testifying that His Kingdom was not of this World. Then

Pilate openly declared the innocence of Jesus. But when His Accusers again bore witness against Him, Jesus, the Eternal Wisdom, thought it not good to answer them aught. We had done all these things wherewith He was charged; and He stood there to answer for Us before His judge. — At His silence, Pilate wondered. And doubtless Heaven and Earth and Hell wondered at His Death!¹

PRAYER.

Lord Jesus, receive my thanks for that great and wondrous Love, which moved Thee to let Thyself be judged in my stead! for that Love which kept Thy hallowed lips closed, when Thou wert accused of those sins which I and my fellow-men have been guilty of; but which also opened Thy mouth with a glorious Confession, which revealed truth of unspeakable value respecting Thy

¹ Matt. xxvii. 11 — 14. John xviii. 33—37.

Person and Office! Thou didst suffer Thyself to be called a Sinner, — Thou, who art the Author of all Good! “Sinner” is my title, not Thine. But Thou didst bear it and my sins together, and gavest me in return a New Name, and Thy Righteousness. When, therefore, at the great Day of Judgment, Thou wilt say, “Depart from me, ye wicked, I never knew you!” I rejoice in the thought that I am not one of those who are thus addressed — for Thou knowest me only by the New Name which Thou hast given me! Oh, may my soul (especially in the Hour from 6 to 7) rejoice therein, and praise Thee, from the ground of the heart, for Thy Saving Grace, as well as for Thy glorious Confession, that Thou art a King! Verily, Thou art the King of Heaven and Earth. Oh, be Thou King over my whole heart! Thy Kingdom is an Everlasting Kingdom; oh, make me a Subject of that Kingdom, that I may live

under Thy rule, and serve Thee in Righteousness and Holiness! Thou saidst that for this cause Thou didst come into the World, that Thou mightest bear witness to the Truth, and that whosoever is of the Truth heareth Thy Voice. Yea, Lord, Thou *art the Truth!* Do Thou give me an upright heart. Make me to love Truth, and hate Falsehood; and may the sign which Thou hast given, to recognize those who are of the Truth, be found in me.

God of all grace! we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see —
Truth in the inward parts.

Lord Jesus, Pilate bears witness to Thine Innocence! Judas had already done so. But now the judge himself makes manifest Thy sinlessness, that all may see that Thou dost suffer for the sins of others, and not for Thine own. Oh, praise be to God, that

Thou hast paid that which Thou didst never owe! But Satan would have gladly destroyed all our confidence, by, if it were possible, affixing some *appearance* of sin on the Lamb without Blemish and without Spot. Therefore he urged his tools to accuse Thee afresh. Thou didst bear it in silence, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb! O Lord Jesus, enable me to imitate Thee by Faith! When the Adversary accuses me, let me answer only by taking refuge in Thine Innocence, and thy Righteousness!

We sinned, and Jesus died.

O, My Saviour, in all sufferings, teach me the great art of being quiet, that I may not sin by excuses or complaints! Do Thou be my example! Pilate wondered at Thy silence; but had he known the secret of it, he would have wondered still more. But he never inquired the cause; and thus

it is even now with the World. May it be otherwise with me! Give me an attentive and obedient heart, for the sake of Thine own sufferings!

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me;
A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

The Fourteenth Hour.

FROM SEVEN TO EIGHT FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

THIS was the Hour in which the Friend of Sinners was led before Herod, who was exceeding glad when he saw Jesus; not that he longed for Salvation, but because he hoped to have seen some Miracle done by Him. But, as Our Saviour, in His wisdom, saw not fit to do this, Herod with his Men of War set Him at nought and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe; while, in the meantime, the Chief Priests and Scribes vehemently accused Him. But the Lamb of God answered not a word, either to the accusations or the questions. Ah! how much did Jesus in that Hour

bear, atone for, and purchase; and all for Sinners!¹

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus, Thou Model of Suffering, and of Love, how shall I thank Thee for all the suffering Thou didst take upon Thyself, in this Hour! Do Thou make me a sharer in rich abundance in all that Thou didst purchase for us in this Hour! and at this time of the Morning do Thou draw my heart and my thoughts to Thy wondrous Love, and Thine unwearied Faithfulness! Let me learn wisdom and gentleness, patience and quietness, from Thy holy behavior. Arm me for the whole day with a mind like Thine. May Thy submission to the Authority of the Powers of this World free me from the Power of Darkness! May Thy standing before the Judgment-seat save me from being put to shame before the

¹ Luke xxiii. 6—11.

Judgment-seat of God! May Thy gentleness and meekness be an Atonement for my revengeful, impatient heart! The white robe, wherein Herod arrayed Thee, O my Spotless Redeemer, was a sign of Thy holiness and Innocence. May these be the perfect covering of my sins! And, as Thou wast clad in mockery, at the time when I usually clothe myself, may I remember this with humble thankfulness at that Hour! May that Robe of Thine sanctify the white garment in which my body will lie in the grave!

Lord Jesus, all the contempt and scorn which Thou didst then endure, follows Thee daily, even on the Throne of Thy glory. Oh, fill my heart with holy awe for Thy Majesty, that I may never dishonor Thee! May Thy holy Spirit reveal Thee to my soul in Thine Unspeakable Glory, that I may prize Thee far above all things; and esteem it my highest honor to serve Thee, and to

fall low in the dust before Thy footstool! May I never despise Thee in Thy members, who are despised by the World; but may I honor Thine Image in them, and esteem them better than myself! As Thou, O Lord, wast made an object of contempt, so may I despise the World and all its follies! Do Thou lift up the light of Thy countenance upon me, in life, in suffering, and especially in death. Oh, be Thou my refuge in all time of need; and give me such strength and confidence through the knowledge of Thy Love, that I may smile at Death itself! Grant this for the sake of Thine own Merits!

The Fifteenth Hour.

FROM EIGHT TO NINE FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

Now our Most Precious Saviour was again led before Pilate, who endeavored to convince the Chief Priests, Elders, and people, of the innocence of Jesus, that he might release Him. He offered them the choice between Him and Barabbas; but the blinded people were so prejudiced against the spotless Saviour, that they would hear of nothing but His Death, and preferred the murderer Barabbas to Him. "Not this man, but Barabbas!" cried they with one voice; and when Pilate asked what he should do with Jesus: "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" cried they so vehemently, that the heathen Pilate gave up Jesus to their

will. His Accusers declared Him worthy of Death. His judge, and the wife of His judge, acknowledged Him to be innocent; and yet Pilate caused him to be scourged!¹

PRAYER.

O my Perfect and Most Precious Surety, here I see clearly that Thou standest in my stead! None could with truth bring an Accusation against Thee. Thine Innocence was repeatedly acknowledged; and yet Thou must suffer! The murderer is released, and Thou remainest captive. The transgressor, worthy of death, the murderer and rebel, such as Barabbas was, — that am I. But I need not fear being left in need, in Death, or in Condemnation, for Thou freest me from them all. Thou hast said, “Whosoever believeth on Me shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.” This hast Thou purchased for

¹ Luke xxiii. 13—25; Mark xv. 6—15; Matt. xxvii. 15—23.

me: and yet, though Thou art so complete a Saviour, scarcely any one longs for Thee. The High Priests, the Scribes, and the whole people desired that Thou shouldst be cut off out of the land of the living. They shouted and cried without ceasing, "Away with Him!" Pilate also knew not what to do with Thee, and therefore demanded, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, that is called Christ?" But, O Lord, I cannot do without Thee! Thou greatest Gift from Heaven, oh, come unto me! for Thou art made unto me of the Father, Wisdom, Righteousness, and Sanctification and Redemption! All these I need, and can find nowhere but in Thee. Pilate delivered Thee to the will of the people. Thy Father delivered Thee up to me! Oh, may I never behave to Thee according to my perverted natural will; for that is enmity against Thee,¹ and would crucify Thee, and

¹ Eph. ii.

deny that Thou art a King! But may I receive Thee with that goodwill which has been wrought in me by Thy Spirit; and which I beseech Thee to purify, to sanctify, to confirm, and strengthen more and more! So shall I receive Thee by Faith, as my High Priest, Prophet, and King. Especially at this Hour, from 8 to 9, may I remember that I shall have to give account of the manner in which I have received Thee. Do Thou preserve me from all neglect of Thy Grace. May I hold Thee fast; and say, with the Bride in the Canticles, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!" and with the Patriarch Jacob, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me!" Teach me to rest my hopes in my morning prayer on the merits Thou didst gain for me at this Hour. May Thy remaining under condemnation give me Faith to call on my Judge, as Abba, my reconciled Father! May it give me joy and confi-

dence in the Day of Judgment ; and grace, daily to condemn myself as a Sinner, worthy of Death, and of Hell, and to fly to Thee !

The Sixteenth Hour.

FROM NINE TO TEN FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

WHAT frightful misuseage did the Son of God endure in this Hour! The soldiers took Him as wolves seize an innocent lamb; dragged him forth, bound Him to a pillar, scourged Him with fury, put on Him a purple robe, plaited a Crown of Thorns, and, in contempt of His kingly dignity, placed it on His Sacred Head; put a reed instead of a Sceptre in His hand, and then smote Him with it. They bent the knee before Him in mockery, and hailed Him as King; and then led Him again to Pilate, who, probably, by the words, "Behold the Man!" wished to move the people to pity, and who exerted himself again to set Him free. But

the Blood drawn by the Scourge, and the Crown of Thorns did not satisfy them. They still cried, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" But as Pilate fully acknowledged the perfect Innocence of Jesús, he publicly declared that he was innocent of the Blood of this Just Person; whereupon the people cried unanimously, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children!" Pilate then commanded Him to be crucified. A whole life-time would not be enough to meditate on this; much more should the Hour in which this was done to our Faithful Substitute, be dedicated to the consideration of it. Oh, what blessing might we not find, if, through grace, we were more diligent in this Holy Work!¹

PRAYER.

1. O Thou Suffering Lamb of God, grant

¹ Matt. xxvii. 24—32; Mark xv. 15—20; John xix. 12—16.

me grace to profit by that which Thou at this time didst endure! But none know my poverty and weakness better than Thou. I bow before Thee, acknowledging my great unfaithfulness and neglect, and heartily beseech Thee to pardon me. I lay hold of the Blood of Reconciliation which Thou didst shed during this Hour, that I may be cleansed thereby. I take refuge in the wounds Thou didst then receive, and implore Thee to give me sufficient grace to profit by them during the rest of my life. Thou wert stripped, and both Thine own garments, and those which in mockery were put upon Thee, were stained with Thy Blood. Oh, may these sacred stains cover the stains on my soul, which the love of dress has made there! May they be the means of preserving me from the misuse of dress! Thou wert scourged. The words are few, but the stripes and suffering many and great; and the Love that led Thee to

undertake this heavy burden is indescribable. Ah, Lord Jesus, how hast Thou suffered for my self-indulgence and delicacy and tenderness! May the Blood Thou didst lose by the scourge purchase forgiveness for all my sins, especially those of the body.

Upon Thy blood-stained form, O Jesus,
I find my passport bright display,
In writing red, "I make you free,
My well-belovéd ones, are ye,
For all your guilt is done away."

Yea, give me, O Lord Jesus, all that Thou didst win and intend for me, by enduring the scourge, so that I may know that these —

Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God!

May all who thirst, come to Thee, and drink of this Fountain! Do Thou awaken this thirst in us, and then satisfy it! Thou

didst compare those who scourged Thee to ploughers: "The ploughers ploughed upon my back, and made long furróws;"¹ thus showing us how deep was Thy suffering. Now, O Lord, fill my heart with gratitude to Thee! At length Thou wast loosed from the pillar to which they had bound Thee. There should I have endured the fatigue and the shame, the contempt and the anguish, which Thou bidst bear to free me from them. Lord Jesus, may I, from Love to Thee, and for the sake of Thy suffering, overcome all my self-indulgence, and bring under my body, and keep it in subjection, so that it may no more tempt me to sin. Oh, grant me grace for this!

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners washed beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

¹ Psalm cxxix. 3.

2. O Lord Jesus, after the scourging came mocking! No healing salve or oil was applied* to Thy wounds. Thou didst forego all that could have lightened Thy suffering, in order to purchase for me so many consolations, and so many comforts, in the midst of bodily suffering. Thou wert clothed with purple: do Thou clothe me with Thy Blood!

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Thy Holy Head was crowned with Thorns!
When an earthly Sovereign is crowned, every one runs to see the ceremony; but no one thinks of this Coronation which brought blessing to the whole World. Ah, teach my soul to prize Thee and Thy Crown of Thorns, which purchased a Crown of Life for me! For Adam's sake the Earth was

cursed, and brought forth thorns and thistles. In the Garden of Gethsemane, Thou didst wash the Earth with Thy precious Blood from the curse pronounced upon her. Now Thou didst bear the Thorns; thus taking the curse upon Thyself, and changing it into a blessing for us: for all the blessings of food and raiment we owe to Thy Thorn-crowned Head! May every pain I suffer in my head be sanctified by the remembrance of Thy Crown of Thorns, whereby Thou hast purchased for me a Crown of Loving-kindness and Tender-mercy¹ in this Life, and a Crown of Glory for Eternity.

May the crown Thou here wast wearing,
Touch my heart, that I may be
Always of myself unsparing,
When and where a foe I see.

Aid me well, my warfare bold pursuing,
Devil, world, and flesh, ay, more, subduing.

Ah, for the Crown set before me, may I

¹ Psalm ciii. 3.

fight the good Fight of Faith without weariness! and may the Blood which flowed from Thy Sacred Head flow over me, as a Living Member of Thy Body, that I may thereby be anointed a King and Priest for ever.¹

3. Lord Jesus! Thy torturers mocked Thee, and scoffingly bowed the knee before Thee, because Thy royal dignity was contemptible in their eyes. Oh, reveal Thyself to me in majesty by Thy Holy Spirit in my heart, that I may bow before Thee with the deepest reverence, and prefer Thy reproach to all the honors and splendor of the world! Thou King of Peace! I need not tremble before Thy sceptre; it is but a reed, to show that Thou wilt not break the bruised reed of my Faith, but rather uphold it with Thine Almighty Hand. No

¹ Rev. i. 6; 1 Peter, ii. 5—9; Psalm cxxxiii. 2.

one need fear for their life, as once Queen Esther did, in coming to Thee; for whosoever cometh to Thee, Thou dost willingly extend Thy sceptre, and receive them with the kiss of Peace. O Thou patient Lamb, Thou didst submit to all that Thy persecutors did unto Thee! Arise, O my Soul, and offer the precious Blood of Jesus to the Father, as part of the precious Ransom paid for Thy Soul! Even Pilate endeavored to move the people to compassion by the sight of Thy wounded and bleeding form. May Thy Holy Spirit make His words sink deep into my soul! May I "behold the Man" thus bearing the punishment of my sins; thus standing in my stead! May I behold and see His great Love! But, O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest how blind I am; how little able to see Thee; how willingly mine eyes rest on trifles, rather than on Thee! Therefore do Thou of Thy Mercy, enlighten the eyes of my mind, and

turn them towards Thee and Thy sufferings, O Thou God of Love! How has the human heart been perverted by Sin! Thine inhuman brethren, according to the flesh, were moved to rage, instead of compassion; so that, on seeing Thee, they cried so much the more, "Away with Him! away with Him! Crucify Him! crucify Him!" Ah, my Saviour, just such a heart have I! Instead of being better than these people, I am worse; for I have far clearer knowledge of Thy Love than they; and yet I have often rejected Thee, and put Thee to open shame by my Sins! Oh, may I melt with shame and contrition, and cry with the strong desire of Faith, "Come, Lord Jesus!" Oh, do Thou crucify the Old Adam! Lord, strengthen my faith, and increase the desires of my soul towards Thee!

4. O Lamb of God, how wert Thou des-

pised! Thou hast borne all sin; otherwise I must despair. Have mercy upon me, O Lord Jesus! Even Pilate confessed that Thou wert spotless; and, as he could prevail nothing with the people, he took water and washed his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the Blood of this just Person." Then cried the people with one voice, "His Blood be upon us and upon our Children!" O My Saviour, I cannot say that I am guiltless of Thy Blood; nay, I am most guilty of it. My sins pressed Thee to the earth in Gethsemane; they were the scourges and the thorns that drew blood from Thee; the executioners that tortured Thee! Truly Thou mayest say to me, "Thy hands are full of Blood!" Ah, Merciful Lord, I see and confess my guilt; but I cry from a penitent heart, Thy Blood be upon me, not as a curse, but as a blessing, and a purification! May Thy Blood clothe and adorn my Soul, which is vile and naked. May it

be to me a glorious ornament. With Thy Blood do Thou satisfy and quicken the longing and thirsting of my Soul. May Thy Blood be as healing balm to My wounds. May Thy Blood raise me from Death in Sin into Life in God. Yes; if I am to be a sharer in Eternal Joy, it must be for the sake of Thy Blood. Grant, therefore, O Lord Jesus, that Thy Blood may be upon me, and upon my children, for that purpose for which Thou didst shed it; that is, for the salvation of our Souls!

Now Thy Trial comes to an end; and, though Thy judge acknowledges Thine innocence, yet Thou art sentenced to the Cross. Hereby I see that Thou art the Lamb slain from the Foundation of the World; the Lamb who bears the sins of the World; and I know of a surety that Thou didst stand in my stead; in that of a Sinner so deeply indebted as myself! Now I am free, if, by a Living Faith I

take Thee for my Surety ; for as my Surety wast Thou condemned ; and, therefore, God will not cast out a poor sinful worm, but will receive me as accepted in the Beloved ! Now I may cry with joy, " O Death, where is thy sting ? O Grave where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the Victory through Jesus Christ Our Lord ! " Yea, O Lord Jesus, worthy art Thou to receive Blessing and Honor and Glory and Power to all Eternity !

Rise, brother, let us aye hold fast
The word of Jesus to the last ;
The Lamb to death still let us love,
For He's the blessed God above.
To Jesus, Lord, praise, honor, ever be !
Were there no Jesus, where, in truth, were we !

The Seventeenth Hour.

FROM TEN TO ELEVEN FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

Now the purple robe was taken off; and His own clothes put on Him. How roughly this was done may be imagined from the previous behavior of the soldiery. Truly they took advantage of His Divine Patience to abuse it. They next laid a heavy Cross upon Him, and led Him away to Golgotha. But, as His strength failed from the ill-treatment He had undergone, they compelled a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, to bear the Cross. This was the last and most sorrowful journey that our dear Redeemer made, in the days of His Flesh, for our sakes. With a heavy burden, with exhausted strength, bleeding from many wounds,

He went to His place of Martyrdom; there to pour out His Blood and His Life, as a sacrifice to the Father, for our Ransom. His willingness to suffer was shown in His whole behavior, but especially in His words to the weeping women who came to meet Him.¹

The world's guilt and its children's Thou
Art bearing as Thou goest;
All sinners' sins Thou bearest now,
And meek endurance shewest.

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus, make me to know the Fellowship of Thy Sufferings, Thy Cross, and Thy Death; that I may be made partaker of Thy Victorious Resurrection! All knew that the same Jesus, who had taught throughout Judea and her borders was now about to die; thus giving the last and highest testimony that He was the long-promised Messiah and Saviour of Men. (Is. liii. x.)

¹ Matt. xxvii. 31, 32; Mark, xv. 20, 21; Luke xxii. 24—31.

My soul knows Him as such. Neither Thy Blood and Thy wounds, nor Thy Cross, nor Thy Rejection by Thine Own People can make me doubt it. On the contrary, these are the sure signs that Thou art my Redeemer. How can I thank Thee for bearing that heavy Cross, and for taking on Thyself the load of all Thy People's Sins! Thou didst bear them, and with Thee they were nailed to the Cross! Lord, I deserved to be shut out from Thy Free Mercy; but Thou, of Thy Great Love, hast borne my Sins also! Therefore, O Lord, I beseech Thee to crucify them and bury them; blot them out of Thy Father's sight, and root them out of my Heart and Conscience; and give me the joyful Assurance that Thou hast wholly taken them away!

Thy path led to the Cross, and from thence to Heaven! Shall I desire an easier path than Thine? Ah, make me both willing and able to follow in Thy footsteps, O Thou

Captain of Our Salvation! and suffer me
not to follow any but Thee.

We have a hard and trying road
To Thee, in Heaven's blest abode.

All other paths lead to Hell, but following Thee to the Cross leads to Heaven. Give me strength to walk after Thee, and uphold me by Thy strong right hand, when I am in danger of falling! The journey through life cost Thee very dear, but every step of my journey is paid for with Thy Precious Blood. Thou hast purchased all that I need to nourish and strengthen me by the way; and, if I faint from weakness and weariness, I lean on Thee for support.

Secure, amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The Lambs He gathers in His arms,
Or in His bosom bears.

Through wilds of brier and thorn,
In darkness if they stray,

They wander not like waifs forlorn —
Their Shepherd is their way.

Lord, do Thou atone for all my falls and stumblings! Do Thou hallow all my ways! If I go to the door of my house, to breathe the fresh air, remind me of Thy being led forth; and, when I come in, let me remember that Thou didst not return, but gavest up Thy Precious Life without the gate. Let me “walk up and down in Thy name.” Thou didst bear the Cross for me, therefore let me rejoice that Thou hast borne away my Sins; and whatever Cross Thou dost see good to lay upon me, let me bear it willingly and patiently! May Thy way to the Cross be the subject of my Meditations from 10 to 11. Let it be as a rich pasture to my Soul, filling me with Love and Content!

Soul, then, know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within Thee,
Think what Father's smiles are Thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee, —
Child of Heaven, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

The Eighteenth Hour.

FROM ELEVEN TO TWELVE FRIDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION.

THE Love of Jesus knows no pause. So long as He had breath, His love was unwearyed in suffering and doing for our sakes. During this Hour gall was offered Him to drink; His clothes were taken off for the last time, and he Himself nailed to the Cross. The writing which Pilate had prepared, was nailed above His head, and the soldiers parted His garments among them, casting lots for His seamless coat. What thinkest Thou, O my Soul, of the unheard-of sufferings, which Thy Surety then underwent for Thee? Do they not deserve to be remembered daily at this

Hour with Praise and Thanksgiving for His
Incomprehensible Love? ¹

PRAYER.

O My Dearest Saviour, the more I contemplate Thy Sufferings and Thy Love, the greater depths I see therein.

Here I'll sit forever, viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.

Lord, let me consider Thy Faithfulness!
It was this that made Thee taste the bitter
cup of vinegar, mingled with gall. May
that draught embitter sin to me, and make
spiritual things sweet, and worldly things
unpalatable to me. May it sanctify all the

¹ Matt. xxvii. 33—37; John xix. 19.

refreshments of my soul and body, and be a cordial in the last draught that I shall drink in this world.

SECOND MEDITATION.

Now Thy clothes, perhaps the only possession Thou couldst call thine own in this world, were taken from Thee. Thou, for our sakes, didst become poor, that we for Thy sake might become rich, and now Thou art deprived of all! Ah, Lord Jesus, let me in like manner be stripped of all self-seeking, self-honor, self-love, and self-righteousness! Give me the grace for this, which Thou didst purchase by suffering this treatment! And now, O My Precious Surety, Thou goest to the Cross, from one degree of suffering to a greater. Thy body still bleeding with fresh wounds, was bound upon the Accursed Tree. Thy former bands were loosened that Thou mightest be bound still more cruelly. How didst Thou suffer

for the Bondage of Sin, wherewith I allow myself to be fettered! Loose me, O Lord, from this bondage, and bind me to Thyself with "Cords of Love!" How great were Thy sufferings, Thou didst testify of Thyself in the 22d Psalm:—"All my bones are out of joint. I may tell all my bones." They nailed Thy hands and Thy feet. Thus didst Thou give up Thine own Body to all manner of suffering for my sake!

THIRD MEDITATION.

Lord, thou being innocent and suffering thus, didst Thou not call for Vengeance on those who crucified Thee? Does not Thine innocent Blood cry aloud for punishment on them? Oh, no! Thy Blood speaketh better things than that of Abel; it calls down Mercy, and not judgment! Thou didst not come to judge the World, but that the World through Thee might be saved. Thou didst pray for Thy murderers! Praise be to God

that Thou didst pray for Thine Enemies, and Thy crucifiers; for in so doing Thou didst pray for me! By Faith I claim a share in Thine Intercession. My sins which nailed Thee to the Cross are thus forgiven, for the Father heareth Thee always. O Thou Meek and gentle Lamb, how should I take shame to myself, that my heart and my spirit are so little like Thine! May the Love which Thou didst show to Thine Enemies, melt away all harshness, roughness, and variance out of my heart! May these priceless words of Thine, evermore sound in my ears, and may I ponder on them more and more.

FOURTH MEDITATION.

O Thou Faithful High Priest, how perfectly didst Thou fulfil Thine Office, on the great Day of Atonement! Thou didst offer Thyself for the Sins of Thy People, and Thou didst make Intercession for the Sins

of Thy People with Thine own Blood! Thou hast an Unchangeable Priesthood. Let me therefore "come boldly to the Throne of Grace, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

FIFTH MEDITATION.

It was surely not by chance that Pilate wrote the superscription, which he placed upon Thy Cross, and which he refused to change at the request of the Jews. Thou didst hang there between two Thieves, yet above Thy head was a writing, and the first word on it is Thy Holy name *Jesus*. My soul rejoices to know the meaning of that word. Truly Thou art a Saviour. Those nails are as it were the seals of Thy Love. What need I care if the world reviles me, and calls me a hypocrite, a sectarian?—what matters it, if my name is written in the Book of Life and on the Palms of Thy

Hands, — if it is engraven on Thy priestly Breastplate and on Thy Heart? Lord, when Thou dost lay any cross upon me, remember how weak I am; lay not Thy hand too heavily upon me, but strengthen me with Thy Grace!

But that writing testified not only Thy Name, but whence Thou camest, — *Jesus of Nazareth*; that is, Mary's son, our Brother, our Flesh and Blood, our Surety. Thou wert called a Nazarite, that is, one consecrated to God. Let me remember that I am consecrated to God; and do Thou keep me faithful! Lastly, this superscription declares Thee to be "*King of the Jews.*" The world sees nothing kingly in Thee, but Faith acknowledges Thee as a King, even on the Cross. Thy Kingdom is not of this world; and who are Thy subjects? They are the true Israel, the citizens of the Heavenly Jerusalem. O Lord, make me an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! Be Thou my

King; rule Thou in my heart, even in the midst of Thine Enemies, and take it for Thine own! My King, My Lord, and My God, I have sworn allegiance to Thee, and vowed to fight under Thy banner against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. Thou hast a threefold right over me: by Creation, for Thou didst make me out of nothing; by Redemption, for Thou hast delivered me from the power of mine enemies, and purchased me, not with gold, or with silver, but with Thine own precious Blood; by Inheritance, for I am promised unto Thee by the Father, and am part of Thine Inheritance!¹ Lord, do Thou strengthen the hand of my Faith, that I may hold fast this threefold cord! And since I cannot keep hold of Thee, do Thou hold me up, and I shall be safe. So, Lord, Thou didst hang upon the Cross in Thy threefold character: as my Bleeding High Priest, who offers

¹ Psalm ii. 8.

Himself for me, who makes intercession for me, and blesses me with his outstretched hands; as my true Prophet, in whom all is fulfilled; as my everlasting King, who has purchased to Himself a peculiar People, and who treads all their enemies under His feet. And to this threefold office Thou wert anointed by Thy own Blood! The Three Titles on that superscription are like three volumes to me. From the first word, "*Jesus*," my faith reasons thus:—If this is my Jesus, my Saviour and Redeemer, who, thus bleeding and wounded, hangs upon the Cross, then am I saved and redeemed from all my enemies. Is He, Jesus of *Nazareth*? then, is He the Promised Messiah, the true Nazarene consecrated to God! Is he *my King*? then am I his blessed subject. My faith adds that golden word "*My*:" there is no fence round about Golgotha, as there was about Sinai; there is no command not to touch this Moun-

tain. Nay, on the contrary, His Blood crieth continually: "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the Water of Life freely."

SIXTH MEDITATION.

Lord Jesus, since thou wert nailed to the Cross, must not the "Old Man" in me be crucified? Is the old Adam to live, and be allowed to continue in sin? If I would have a share in Thine Atonement, I "must die unto sin,"² and crucify the Old Man in the "affections and lusts,"³ and refuse him everything whereby he might be nourished. Thou hast purchased Grace and Strength for me; give me an abundant share of it, and grant that my old nature with all its evil inclinations, the Body of Sin with all its temptations, Sin and the World with all

¹ Exodus, xix. 12. ² Rom. vi. 10. ³ Rom. vi. 6; Gal. v. 24.

their allurements, may be nailed to Thy Cross.

O Holy Spirit! do Thou crucify the old Adam within me; grant that it may daily become weaker, and give me fresh patience and more zeal whenever I find that the Body of Sin is longer in dying than I expected. Enable me to mortify my members which are upon the earth.¹ Did my precious Saviour pay so dear a price to free me from the bondage of sin, and shall I not esteem it my greatest bliss to enjoy more and more of this freedom?

SEVENTH MEDITATION.

Then, O my Saviour, "they parted Thy Garments among them, and upon Thy Vesture they did cast lots;" thus adding a fresh proof that Thou wert the True Messiah of whom this was prophesied. Lord, I need a robe as a perpetual covering for my

¹ Col. iii. 5.

spiritual nakedness. Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, and Thy Merits are the only covering for my Soul. Thou canst endure no speck in the marriage garment, and the cloak of my own righteousness is covered with stains, and it is not only filthy, but in rags,¹ so that it cannot cover me. I require a garment of honor in which I may appear before my Heavenly Father with all His Angels:

Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress.

This is the only garment in which I can appear at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. With it I may enter in and sup with Him, as a Member of His bride; without it I must be lost for ever! He who knows his own hateful sinfulness, his shame and his condemnation, and who therefore longs to be cleansed; who seeks no helper but Thee,

¹ Isaiah lxiv. 6.

and comes to Thee in childlike confidence, hungering and thirsting after Thy Righteousness, receives that Robe of Righteousness, and is thus made acceptable unto the Father. Now, O Lord Jesus, I would fain be accepted in Thee, the Beloved ; therefore I beseech Thee to make me grow in Faith and Grace, that I may be more fully and more certainly a partaker of Thee.

I hold by Thee, Lamb slain for me,
I hold by Thee, upon the tree ;
And by Thine intercession ;
And by Thy pain and woe untold ;
And by Thy martyr-death I hold :—
Thy merits — my possession.

EIGHTH MEDITATION.

Ah, my Saviour ! how comforting to me is the company in which Thou wert crucified ! they were murderers whose hands were stained with innocent blood, rebels and sinners above all others ; for this their

punishment testifies. Oh, what abasement of Thee, to offer up Thyself in such company! How can I thank Thee for such astonishing Humility? Doubtless, Thou wouldst thereby convince us that Thou art the Friend of Sinners. This was Thy reproach on earth: "This man receiveth Sinners and eateth with them;" and to show that even in death Thou didst not despise them, thou didst suffer thyself to be crucified between two Thieves.

Now, Lord Jesus, I too am a murderer; my hands are stained with Thine innocent Blood; I am an evil doer; but as I acknowledge my sinfulness, as I know that I am lost without Thee, I know that Thou wilt receive me. O most Merciful Saviour, bless to me especially at this Hour, from 11 to 12 in the forenoon, the consideration of Thy Suffering. Grant me the fruits thereof, that I may be strengthened with living Faith, and hearty Repentance, and quick-

ened unto a new life. At every stroke of the clock, may I inwardly cry: O Lord Jesus, strengthen me at this Hour, that my Old Nature may be slain by the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Grant me this, O Merciful Redeemer, for Thine own sake!

The Nineteenth Hour.

FROM TWELVE TO ONE FRIDAY NOON.

MEDITATION.

THIS is the Hour at which we generally refresh our bodies by taking food; but to our faithful Surety, this was an Hour of indescribable anguish. He hung on the Cross, being made a Curse for us, in the most agonizing torments, in darkness, and anguish of mind, and subject to the bitter mockery of the slaves of Satan around Him. In the midst of all, He provided His Mother with another Son, and His loved Disciple with another Mother, by saying: "Woman, behold Thy Son!" "Behold Thy Mother!" He likewise promised Heaven to the penitent malefactor in the comforting word: "Verily, I say unto Thee,

this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.” Such events are written down in a minute, but eternity is not too long to reflect upon them. Therefore, it is well to dedicate this Noonday Hour to quiet meditation on the Love and the Sufferings of Jesus, —

Ah, little can I give while here I live,
But this one grace impart —
Thy woes and anguish ever,
Till soul and body sever,
Cause Thou to rest within my heart.

At the time when we commonly rest from our daily labors, He continued His Work, denying Himself both spiritual and bodily refreshment for our sakes. ¹

PRAYER.

O my most precious Surety! what unheard-of proofs of love to me, an unfaithful sinner, didst Thou give at this Hour! Sanc-

¹ John xix. 26, 26; Luke xxiii. 42, 43.

tify the Noonday Hour by the remembrance of Thy burning love! Thou didst hang upon the Cross, and became a curse to win blessings for me. Who could believe this, if Thy Word did not say so? How dreadful is the meaning of a *Curse*! All that is meant by misery, anguish, anxiety, want, and wretchedness, is comprised in it. O Blessed Saviour, I cannot understand how Thou, the Eternal Son of God, the source of every blessing, in whom all goodness and all blessedness is contained, couldst become a *Curse*. Thy love is too wonderful for me; I cannot attain unto it. By the Grace of the Holy Spirit, I will believe in deep humility of heart; and in this faith I look for all good and blessing from the hand of Thy Heavenly Father; for the curse that was on me—yea, the many curses which I have incurred by transgressing the Law of God—lie upon Thee! Thou, O Saint of God, didst not only bear the

curse, but wert made a curse for us; for it is written: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."¹ O my Saviour, I cannot comprehend either the length, or breadth, or depth, or height of Thy love. Truly it passeth knowledge.² In the previous Hour, Thou hadst bestowed the greatest of all gifts, the Forgiveness of Sins; now Thou dost provide for the temporal wants of Thy People. This was ever Thy manner when Thou wentest about doing good. First to the soul: "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee!" then Thou didst care for the body, thus observing the order taught by Thine own words: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Lord, teach me always to feel my inward wants more than my outward ones!

Thou didst provide Thy Mother with

¹ Galatians iii. 13.

² Eph. iii. 18.

another Son. This might have been done after Thy Resurrection, but Thou desirest to give Mary some comfort now that the Sword had pierced through her Soul, and now that she was testifying her love and fidelity in standing by Thy Cross. None ever yet stood by the Cross of Christ and went away empty-handed. Thy beloved Disciple also experienced this: for knowing how he would feel Thy loss, Thou gavest him Thy dear Mother, as a comfort and as a pledge. I see, O my Saviour, that it is not by toiling day and night that I shall obtain earthly blessings. Thy hand can make me rich in an hour. Thou hast but to say, "This is thine," and I have it. I desire nothing that is not Thy gift, for I know that Thou wilt deny me nothing that is needful for me. Teach me, O Lord, to receive all things as from Thee! How often hast Thou abundantly covered my table with food, and I have scarcely bestowed a thought

on Thee, from whose hand it came! O pardon this sin; and may I in future receive every morsel as a proof of Thy love! Teach me to use Thy gifts temperately, so that no temporal blessing may ever lead me away from the Cross. May Thy good Spirit lead me in this matter.

SECOND MEDITATION.

Lord Jesus, Thou Sun of Righteousness! the Sun of this World, which Thou didst create, withdraws His beams, and darkness spreads over the face of the earth, as if Nature could not bear to see the agony of her Creator.¹ What Thou didst suffer during those three hours of darkness is expressed in some of the Psalms,² as well as by Thine own words at the end of it.³ Thou didst endure the blackness of darkness for my sake. I am not worthy to behold the light of the sun, but Thou, the Eternal Light,

¹ John i. 3. ² Ps.,xxii. 1, 2, 11. ³ Matt. xxvii. 46.

didst give Thyself in my stead. I am by nature a Child of Darkness; I have loved darkness more than Light; and this Thou didst bitterly atone for. I have deserved to dwell in darkness forever; Thou didst enter into it to rescue me. Out of immeasurable love to Sinners, Thou didst drink the Cup of Wrath even to the dregs. Teach me, O Holy Spirit, to know and believe in this love! make me, O Lord, a sharer in the merit of this Thy Suffering. Be Thou my light, that I may follow Thee; and hereafter be Thou my Sun, in whose beams I and all that are saved shall joyfully walk.

THIRD MEDITATION.

How hard is the human heart! One would have thought that this season of darkness would have brought all Thine enemies to reflection; but no, they hardened their hearts as the nether millstone, and poured forth fresh blasphemies against

Thee, the Lamb of God! They scorned Thee, before whose Majesty every knee shall bow. They that passed by laughed Thee to scorn; they reviled Thee, wagging their heads, as men show their abhorrence of something peculiarly hateful. Lord Jesus, Thou art despised and rejected and hateful to the natural man; but be Thou to me more and more dear, more precious, more indispensable. When I look on Satan, and on the World lying in wickedness, then let me show my inward disgust and aversion; but when I look on Thee, especially as hanging on the Cross, do Thou draw me to Thyself with the tenderest cords of love.

They called on Thee to save thyself: "If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross." How can I sufficiently adore that faithfulness which prevented Thee from helping Thyself, and from coming down from the Cross! If I could thus escape from suffering, I should surely do so; but

the old Adam in me is held fast and must be crucified ; for Thou hast purchased Grace to enable me to endure even unto the end. Grant me this grace abundantly, in all time of trouble.

But not only the ignorant people revile Thee, but the learned and those in authority, who might have rebuked the others. To all of them Thou wert “ A stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence.” The Chief Priests and Scribes taunted Thee just as the people had done, saying: “ He saved others, Himself He cannot save.”¹ What sweet consolation is contained in these bitter words ! Praise be to God, that even Thine enemies were compelled to bear this testimony: “ *He saved others !* ” Thou hast holpen all that come to Thee, and now Thou wert bringing Salvation to the World. Lord, Thou hast saved others, save me also ! that I, too, may bear witness to Thy willingness to save ! I

¹ Mark xv. 31.

know that I myself am the only hindrance to my own Salvation ; do Thou of Thy great mercy break down all hindrances in me ; turn me, and I shall be turned. Moreover, they mock at Thy Threefold Office, saying : “ Let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the chosen of God.”¹ O my Saviour, let me ever hold fast my belief in Thee, as my Prophet, Priest, and King ; let me believe the testimony of God’s Word, in spite of all the mockery of Thine enemies. They blasphemed likewise Thy faith and trust in God, saying : “ He trusted in God, let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him.”² And they despised Thy Sonship, saying : “ He said I am the Son of God.” O Lord Jesus, Thou Express Image of the Invisible God,³ what a storm of blasphemies and revilings fell upon Thee, in the hours of

¹ Luke xxiii. 35; Mark. xv. 32.

² Matt. xxvii. 43.

³ Heb. i. 3; John i. 14; John xiv. 9; 2 Cor. iv. 4; Col. i. 14.

darkness, when Thou didst hang upon the Cross! How many sins didst Thou atone for, in thus bearing the shame, and how art Thou still reviled by a blinded World, both in Thine own glorious person, and in Thy members. Ah! when it is my turn to suffer despite, grant me Thy quiet, meek, and lamb-like mind; when Satan takes advantage of trouble to make me doubt the reality of my faith, my Election by Grace, or my Sonship, then remind me how Thou wert assailed upon the Cross; and grant, O Lord Jesus, that my Faith may be the more strengthened by these attacks! May Thy patience under shame and contempt be a source of blessing and praise to us!

FOURTH MEDITATION.

O Lord Jesus, Thou wert reviled, even by the malefactors who were crucified with Thee! But one of them having rebuked the other, said unto Thee: "Lord, remem-

ber me, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." Then Thou gavest him the blessed assurance: "Verily, I say unto Thee, this day Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."¹ Lord, may I learn of the Penitent Thief; how decided was his confession of Thee! how strong his confidence! how entirely did he cast in his lot with Thine! And how encouraging is his example; for he had hardly spoken before Thou didst give him an answer far beyond his hopes! Thou didst promise him far more than he had asked. Truly Thou "waitest to be gracious." Before we call, Thou dost answer; and while we are yet speaking Thou dost hear. The greater our need, the more speedy is Thy help. Thou wert not ashamed of Sinners upon earth, and far from being ashamed of them in Heaven; Thou dost carry them up thither as the spoils of Thy Victory. Thy Father, who best knows Thy lov-

¹ Luke xxiii.

ing heart towards sinful man, gave Thee this promise as the reward of Thy glorious work: "He shall see of the travail of His Soul and be satisfied. I will divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out his Soul unto death."¹ Thou wouldst not enter into Heaven without taking a poor Sinner with Thee. Surely this example would be enough to melt my heart, if I knew nothing else of Thee. But, alas! I know far more; I have even experienced Thy love to Sinners as shown towards mine own Soul, and yet there is so much unbelief, distrust, and indifference towards Thee in my evil heart! Ah, my Saviour, save me, I pray Thee, from the evil within me! May I turn to Thee, as the Penitent Thief! may the desires of my heart be unto Thee! and as it was on the Cross that he turned to Thee, so may every Cross Thou dost lay

¹ Isaiah liii. 11, 12.

upon me be a time of turning to Thee more and more fully! Let me shun neither shame nor suffering for Thy sake! And in the midst of sorrow and of joy, do Thou, Lord Jesus, give me the same blessed assurance Thou gavest to him! Remind me of the happy end, and make me know, that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. Make my faith strong, that I may cling to Thee; give me a living hope of Eternal Life, and fill me with such glowing love to Thee, as may make me rejoice in tribulation. Grant all this for the sake of Thine own unspeakably precious merits.

The Twentieth Hour.

FROM ONE TO TWO FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

MEDITATION.

FROM the narrative of the Evangelists, it appears that during this Hour our Saviour hung upon the Cross in silent anguish. How much must he have spoken in secret to His Father! how many sighs and tears must He have sent up on high! how did His Blood cry aloud for grace to sinners, while it was paid down as an Eternal Ransom for them! Surely doing and suffering were not divided. His Holy Soul continued to work with all His might for our Salvation, and for the same purpose to endure suffering with all His strength! As His inward sufferings in the garden of Olivet rose to their greatest height as they ap-

proached their end, so His outward anguish went on increasing in the Judgment-hall and upon the Cross until they reached their summit, and our most Precious Surety tasted as it were the very "pains of Hell" for us. Outwardly all was now still; but within, the floods of sorrow passed over Him, deep called unto deep, all the waves and billows of tribulation rolled over His head. Satan, as a roaring lion, assailed Him, knowing that his time was short. Our iniquities took hold of Him: it pleased the Lord to bruise Him and put Him to grief;¹ but he fought the good fight of faith, and under the hiding of God's face, feeling Himself forsaken by the Father, still He trusted in Him, and overcame a far greater wrestling than that which Jacob endured! His sacred body was full of suffering; and surely His strong crying and tears reached the heart of His Heavenly Father, and His sacrifice came up

¹ Isaiah liii.

before the mercy seat as incense. How well-pleasing must have been the obedience, even unto Death, the unshaken faith, the lowly patience, and the perfect love of His Beloved Son! Ah, may every redeemed sinner weigh and lay to heart the consideration of this Hour of silent suffering of Him whose name is Love.¹

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus, teach me to do this. May I daily learn in inward quietness of Soul to consider with a repentant and believing heart, the greatness of Thy Son and Thine unheard-of sufferings! In this Hour Thou didst hang in darkness, forsaken and bereft, not only of friends and acquaintances, not only of Holy Angels, and of all spiritual refreshment, peace, comfort, and joy,—but of God Himself; forsaken by the Father, whose Eternal and Co-equal Son Thou art.

¹ Matthew xxvii. 39—45.

At the end of these three Hours of darkness, Thou didst cry, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Of the deep mystery hidden in these words, we in our weakness know little or nothing: only in the light of Eternity shall we learn to understand them. Outward darkness was only an image of the "power of darkness" under which Thy most Holy Soul labored, and in which it was borne down by the hell-deserving sins of men, and the just wrath and curse of God, which the Divine Law declares to be the wages of Sin. In short, Thou didst endure the agony of the Lost, so far as they consist in suffering; for the sin, blasphemy, and despair by which the Souls of the Damned increase their torment were unknown to Thy spotless human Soul. Thy unfailing love to Thy Father and to us sinners, Thy faithfulness and truth, Thy childlike confidence, Thine unshaken faith, Thy meek patience, and Thy Divine meek-

ness, shone forth even in the dark night of Thy deepest Suffering, and declared Thee to be the Everlasting Son of the Father!

Hell was our just desert,
And he that hell endured;
Guilt broke His guiltless heart,
With wrath that we incurred.

Lord, I should have lain down in Hell — I should have been a prey to Eternal Death, hadst not Thou suffered these pains for me, and, by giving up Thyself, purchased my freedom. Lord, let me never, never forget what it cost Thee to redeem me. Thou wert forsaken of God to purchase for me the closest union and communion with Him, and to allow of His Love being shed abroad in my heart. Who can tell the merit and the worth of Thy suffering on that account, or the merit of Thy unchanging Faith, when Thou didst bear the whole weight of my heinous unbelief! Thus didst

Thou purchase for me Grace to believe and to know that God is my reconciled Father in Thee; not only when I taste Thy Grace and Thy Love, but also when Thou hidest Thy face from me, and when my Soul feels nothing but need and weakness, and shame and sin. That in such a case I am *allowed* to believe, is great Grace,—but that in such a case I am *enabled* to believe, is still greater. O Lord, grant that in the hour of darkness I may still, like Thee, know God to be “my God.” Watch Thou over my little spark of faith, and by the merits of Thy faith, Thy prayers, Thy sighs and tears, be Thou my Light in Death! May Thy anguish win comfort for me, may Thy sighs cause mine to be heard, may Thy prayers speak for me, Thy tears sanctify mine, and may Thy desertion by the Father be the ground of my hope of an Everlasting Union with God!

SECOND MEDITATION.

Lord, what can I fitly say or write of Thee! Therefore, I pray Thee to enlighten my heart as to the greatness of Thy Love, in taking upon Thee the pains of Hell for my sins. Let not Thy sufferings be useless to me, or any who are dear to me. By Thy precious Blood, which Thou didst shed for us; by the anguish which Thou didst endure, as a Lamb dumb before her shearers; by the pains of Hell, which took hold upon Thee — grant that we may be partakers of all the benefits of Thy Death! Lord Jesus! as Thy Sufferings increased, so did Thy Love; “the handwriting of ordinances that was against us,” which was contrary to us, was more and more blotted out.¹ One stroke after another defaced the register of my sins, and soon after Thou didst cry, “It is finished!” Then was my Sal-

¹ Col. ii. 14.

vation completed! Why, then, O Lord Jesus, has not my grateful love to Thee risen to a greater height? Why is my cold, hard heart not more touched and softened by the consideration of Thee! Why am I not more faithful, more gentle and meek, more humble, more loving? In a word, why is not my evil heart more entirely changed? O merciful Saviour! it is my fault, and my sin, that it is so. I have profited little by Thy love and merits. I have been slothful; my wandering thoughts have not been fixed on Thee. I have not mortified the old Adam within by denying him all nourishment. I have not implored Grace, and all the fruits of Thy Sufferings, with the importunate energy of a starving beggar. Lord Jesus, make me faithful to Thee! May I henceforth live to Thy Glory; and do Thou wash me from all my sins! That which wanders, do Thou recall; that which is stubborn, do Thou bend; that

which is hard, do Thou soften ; that henceforth I may live and move in Thee alone ! Teach me to praise Thee for This Hour. Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me, praise His Holy Name ! As Jesus suffered for me in Soul, as well as in His Sacred Body and Members, may my soul and body, and every member and every faculty, be dedicated to Him.

Thine, wholly Thine, we want to be,—
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

Come, Holy Ghost, our Saviour's love,
Shed in our hearts abroad,
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

Lord, O how little can I offer to Thee !
Grant that, at least, I may ever remember
Thy wondrous Love !

Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee ;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me !

The Twenty-First Hour.

FROM TWO TO THREE FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

MEDITATION.

A MOST important Hour; in which the Eternal Word¹ speaks, in which the Fountain of Living Waters faints with thirst, in which the Self-existent Life dies upon the Cross. The end of His Sorrow was not yet come. He must suffer yet another Hour in Body and in Soul. If the other Hours of His agony are so worthy of contemplation, this is even more so. If it were not for the Love and Faithfulness of this, His Last Hour, we poor sinners would still be in our misery, and throughout Eternity there would be no hope of Redemption for us. This was the Hour on which our

¹ John i. 1.

Salvation hung: an Hour worthy of all the Hallelujahs of Heaven; for there above shall we fully know from what Jesus, by His bloody, agonizing, and meritorious Death, hath saved us, poor sinners! O may His Spirit teach us to praise and glorify Him, with the deepest humility, here below by our lives, and above throughout Eternity!¹

PRAYER.

O Thou, Lord of my Salvation, perfected through suffering, the Last Hour of Thy holy Life is now come. Every hour of that Life was spent for my good, for my Salvation! Oh! could I but say that every hour of my life had been spent in Thy service, and to Thy glory. But Thou, my all-seeing Saviour, knowest that *not one* hour of my life has been wholly devoted to Thee; and most of them, alas! have been wholly lost.

¹ Luke xxiii. 46; Mat. xxvii. 46—50.

Lord, may my lifetime be swallowed up in Thine! May Thy Last Hour on Earth cover and atone for both my past and future life: let me offer it as such to my Heavenly Father. May the merits of that Hour procure for me Grace to live unto Thee; may I remember my last hour at all times, just as Thou didst continually look forward to Thine! Grant me Grace in nowise to fear Death, but heartily to rejoice at the prospect of it, with child-like confidence in Thy presence, and in the sure hope of my perfect Redemption! For Thou hast taken away all that is terrible in Death, and sweetened it to the Believer, who, by the strength of Thy Death, can smile at his own.

Thy breaking heart be, when I die,
A resting-place for me in dying;
Seal me an heir of Heaven high,
To pure enjoyment change my sighing.
O hear me, Jesus, and grant that to me,
Thy heart may my bed in my last trouble be.

The Gospel narrative shows, that during most of this Hour Thou didst suffer in silence, and didst in this wise pay the penalty of, and atone for, all the sinful, impatient, distrustful words which I have uttered in time of trouble. Lord, how can I thank Thee aright for those words, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Without them, I had not known that Thou hadst tasted Hell for me; and what a feeling of security should I have lost! But who can tell what Thou didst endure at that time! O my Saviour, when I cry unto Thee from the depths of distress or sorrow, whether in life or in death, do Thou graciously hear me; do Thou think on Thine own anguish at that Hour, and for the sake thereof, grant me peace and joy.

Every word in Thy sorrowful cry is of importance. That sweet word of faith "My" sweetens the whole of it. Teach me thus to begin all my prayers, and in faith to call

on God as my Father. But on the Cross there was nothing that Thou didst count as Thine, save God Himself, the Highest good. Thou wast spoiled of everything else, and although, to all outward appearance, even Thy God had withdrawn Himself from Thee; although, as far as feeling goes, Thou didst hang there forsaken even by Him; yet Thy divine Faith had power still to claim Him as Thine Own, and to cry "*My God! My God!*" Ah, let me learn of Thee, Lord Jesus, and for the sake of Thy Faith grant me like Faith.

The name of Father did not pass Thy lips. Thou wast the Surety of the human race, and as such He had "become cruel to Thee."¹ Thy Father no longer appeared as a Father but as a Judge, for Thou didst stand in the stead of rebels. And this shows me still greater depths in Thy desertion by God. Teach me to meditate thereon.

¹ Job xxx. 21.

Thou askest "why?" Thou knowest why it was; but Thou wouldst teach me to take up this question, and to inquire *why* Thou didst endure such untold agony? Ah! the answer is plain. It was because of my sins, my twofold sin; because I had left the living God, the Fountain of Life, and because I had made to myself cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. Therefore wast Thou forsaken, that I might be re-united to Him. Another word was "forsaken," the most fearful word for a sinner. A forsaken state is a sorrowful state. It is hard to be forsaken by men, to be in poverty, pain, and disgrace; but to be forsaken by God is no less than Hell. Preserve us from this, O Lord God! Ah! my Saviour, what pain it must have given Thee to hear even Thy cry of anguish made a mockery of and perverted. But it was needful that Thou shouldst experience every kind of suffering, that

Thou mightest pay the penalty of every kind of sin. Glory and praise to Thee throughout Eternity, and do Thou make sin exceeding sinful, and my natural self hateful in my eyes. Thou saidst, "*Me.*" "Why hast Thou forsaken *Me!*" Thine obedient and only begotten Son, one with the Father! Ah! my Redeemer, it was because none but Thou, the perfect Man and the Omnipotent God, could have borne what Thou didst bear to redeem us from Death and Hell.

SECOND MEDITATION.

Now, O Lord Jesus, Thou didst suffer the most dreadful thirst during four-and-twenty hours. No drop of water had entered Thy parched mouth, and yet Thou hadst poured out Thy life-juices as water. The fire of Divine wrath consumed Thee; and Thou, the Fountain of Living Water, didst long for a draught of any kind of water; but in

vain. I who am worthy of Hell, can quench my thirst when I will. I have not only water, but other refreshments at command, and Thou, the Creator of all things, didst get only vinegar and gall to quench Thy thirst! Thus didst Thou atone for my self-indulgence and luxury. Therefore let me never enjoy anything that quenches thirst without thanksgiving and praise to Thee, who didst purchase that and every other blessing at so dear a rate for me. From that eternal thirst of which the rich man¹ complained in Hell didst Thou by this suffering redeem me; therefore fill me with that hunger and thirst after righteousness which shall surely be satisfied.² But Thy thirst was not only bodily but spiritual. Thy weary heart longed for comfort, peace, and spiritual refreshment. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so Thy soul thirsted for God. And thus thy fainting

¹ Luke xvi. 24.

² Matt. v. 6.

Spirit purchased for us all spiritual and eternal comfort and refreshment. But Thou didst also thirst after *my soul*, and long for its salvation. Thou wast not satisfied with doing and suffering according to Thine eternal Covenant with the Father, all that was needful for my salvation; but Thou also doest all that is needful to draw me to Thyself, that I may be a partaker of the Redemption which Thou hast wrought. Thou didst long to see the travail of Thy soul; to see many, learning what sin really is, turning to Thee in true repentance, believing in Thee with their whole hearts, and being cleansed in Thy blood from all their guilt, living in love and to Thy glory. Ah, may I in like manner thirst after Thee!

THIRD MEDITATION.

Then, O my Saviour, what words of comfort didst Thou utter? "*It is finished!*"

Thou didst not say *what* was finished, but Thy Spirit has taught me, and I know that it was the great work of Redemption, which Thou, out of saving Love, didst take upon Thyself, and in which no creature, no, nor the united strength of all created beings together, could have performed anything. It was that work on which the salvation of thousands, and mine among them depended; it was that work on account of which the Father loveth Thee, as Thou didst testify, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life;"¹ that great work, for which blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,² will be ascribed to Thee throughout all Eternity. The Scriptures were all fulfilled, Salvation was accomplished, Wrath was turned into Grace, all enemies were conquered, all the demands of the Law fulfilled, Heaven opened, "and the hand-writing against us, which was contrary

¹ John x. 17.² Rev. v. 9—13.

to us, taken out of the way.”¹ Peace was made between God and man, and we were *saved*. Glorious words, “*It is finished!*” On these may my faith lean and stay itself; with these I may answer all the accusations of Satan. They should be the watchword wherewith Christians should strengthen each other. Truly Lord Jesus, Thou didst know how to speak a word in season to the weary; these were words of Eternal Life. Do Thou write them in my heart and mind; may they be ever present with me! Grant that whenever my spirit is weak and faint, it may rest in child-like confidence on the knowledge that “*It is finished!*” In all actings and efforts of faith alone may I remember that my doings have no share in my salvation, and are nothing worth, for “*It is finished!*” Let this be the anchor of my hope in death, so that no storms may move me until I enter into the harbor of a

¹ Col. xi. 14.

blessed Eternity, where alone I can praise Thee aright for Thy finished work ; and, as Thy work of Redemption is perfect, so do Thou carry on that good work which Thou hast begun in my heart.¹ Do Thou perfect that which concerneth me, and “forsake not the work of Thine own hands.”² Do Thou take away all hindrances in me, bring good out of the evil within me, beat down Satan under my feet, redeem me from all iniquity as well as guilt, and carry on the work of Thy Spirit within, until Thou canst say, “*It is finished!*” Until Thou canst present me faultless before Thy Father!

All is finished, do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord ;
Never reason more about it,
Only take Him at His word.

¹ Phil. i. 6.

² Ps. cxxxviii. 8.

FOURTH MEDITATION.

Now for the last time Thou didst open Thine ever blessed lips, and criest with a loud voice, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit!" Now again I hear the sweet word "Father" from Thy mouth; a sure proof that Thou hadst fulfilled all his will; that Thine obedience and Thine atonement were perfect, and that Thou couldst once more address Him as Thy Father. It is only when clothed in Thy righteousness that I can or may call on God as my Father. Thou hast broken down the wall between me and my God; Thou hast made peace between us, and the rebellious enemy¹ is made a child through Thee. In dying, O Lord, Thy soul was Thine only care; may it be so with me! As our Head Thou didst die upon the Cross, as our Head Thou didst commend Thy soul unto the Father;

¹ Rom. v. 10.

grant that we may die with Thee, and rise with Thee, and may I die in peace and joy, knowing that my soul was commended with Thine into Thy Father's hands! During Thy life Thou wert ever "about Thy Father's business," and in death Thou givest up all to Him; so in life be Thou ever with us, that in Death we may be with Thee. And, as I know not when my hour may be, I *now* commit my soul into Thy hands, for I am not safe for a moment until I am hidden in Thy wounds, Thy heart, Thy grace, and Thy Love!

Thy last words were a cry of Victory! The outward and inward darkness was over! Thy Father again manifested Himself unto Thee full of grace and love, even the last of Thine enemies was conquered; and Thou wert about to exchange the Cross for Thine Heavenly kingdom! Yet it was also a cry of anguish, for the sting of Death was not yet broken, his last dart was just shot at

Thee, and then Thou didst bow Thy Head
and gavest up Thy Spirit! How can I look
at Thee enough, O my Saviour Redeemer,
bruised for my Sins!

Behold that pale, that languid form,
That drooping head, those cold, dull eyes!
Behold, in sorrow and disgrace,
Our conquering Hero hangs and dies.

Ye that assume His sacred name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean?
What was it bruised God's harmless Lamb?
What was it pierced His soul, but *sin*?

Blush, Christian, blush, let shame abound,
If sin affects thee not with woe;
Whatever spirit's in thee found,
The spirit of Christ thou dost not know.

Thou didst die *for sinners*, for the un-
godly, for enemies,¹ O wondrous Love!
Thou didst die *willingly*! Thou didst lay
down Thy life freely, for no man could take

¹ Rom. v. 6—10.

it from Thee. It was a free-will offering for us. Thou didst die *painfully*, full of wounds and stripes; *shamefully*, upon the Accursed Tree. Thou didst die a *bloody* death! The Sun of Righteousness set in blood. Thou didst die according to the will of Thy Father.¹ Thou didst die *innocently* as the Lamb without blemish, being made Sin for us, yet knowing no sin of Thine own,² and, therefore, Thou didst die *meritoriously*. By Thy life, suffering, and death, Thou didst purchase everlasting life for all who believe on Thee! Thou didst die *victoriously*, and in Thee we are "more than conquerors!" Thy death, like Thy birth and life, was *wonderful!* Wonders of wisdom, of righteousness, and holiness, of Almighty Power, and of redeeming love, are visible to the eye of Faith in every moment of Thy life and death! O my dying Saviour and Intercessor,

¹ Acts ii. 23.

² 2 Cor. v. 21.

Let us with a steadfast faith,
View our dear incarnate God,
Shudd'ring in the pangs of death,
Bowed beneath our nature's load!
Make our union with Thee clear,
Perfect love, and cast out fear!

Let us trust Thee evermore,
Every moment on Thee call,
For new life, new will, new power;
Let us trust Thee, Lord, for all,
May we nothing know beside
Jesus, and Him crucified!

FIFTH MEDITATION.

Now, O Lord, let me receive life from Thy death! If it were not for that, I must all my life through fear of death be subject to bondage.¹ As Thou didst willingly die for me, make me willing to die when it pleases Thee. Suffer me not to live my "life unto death," but to offer it up to

¹ Heb. ii. 15.

Thee daily, and this, not out of weariness of the world, or impatience under sorrow or suffering, but out of strong desire to be with Thee, to be like Thee, to see and know Thee even as I am known. May the remembrance of Thy death be my comfort in all time of trial; may the memory of Thy sorrows work patience in me, and make me ashamed of complaint, and still more of discontent! The 116th Psalm says, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints;" and surely this is only on account of Thine. May my death be precious in the sight of the Lord for the sake of Thy shameful death! If I die despised and forsaken by the world, what will it matter if I am precious to Thee? If I die in my bed, loved and esteemed, let me remember how Thou didst purchase these blessings for me!

Thine was a *bloody* death, for "without shedding of blood there is no remis-

sion.¹ Now washed in Thy blood I am free; “neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”²

Empty and bare I come to Thee
For Righteousness divine;
O may Thy matchless merits be
By imputation mine!

and clothed in Thy Righteousness I shall die *victoriously* and cry, “O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?” And whatever be the manner of my death, let this suffice, that it is *according to Thy will!* And as Thou knowest my great weakness — do Thou comfort and encourage me; be with me when I cross the dark swelling waters of Jordan; hold Thou

¹ Heb. ix. 22.

² Rom. viii. 55—59.

me up and I shall be safe. By Thy own death, grant me living faith, lively hope, strong love :

Say Thou art mine, and chase the gloom,
Thick hanging o'er the vale of Death ;
Then shall I, fearless, meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

The Twenty-Second Hour.

FROM THREE TO FOUR FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

MEDITATION.

Who will see the Lamb of God before His Burial, must come to Calvary at this hour. What wonders happened at His Death! The veil of the Temple was rent, "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the Holy City and appeared unto many."¹ The centurion who was by the Cross, and others, when they saw what was done, feared greatly, and confessed that this was the Son of God. The friends of Jesus and many pious Brethren

¹ Matt. xxvii. 51—53.

saw the death of the Prince of Life; but one pierced His side with a spear, and there came out Blood and Water. Arise, my Soul, and through the grace of Jesus profit by this hour. Let His image sink deep into thy heart; up, and delay not; go the Cross.¹

PRAYER.

Now, O Thou Saviour, perfected by suffering, Thou hadst committed Thy Spirit into Thy Father's hands! Thou didst rest from thy labors, and Thy works did follow Thee! We are the work of Thy hands, Thy purchased people, whom Thou wilt never leave nor forsake; for to our great and endless comfort Thou hast declared, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with Me where I am."²

¹ Matt. xxvii. 51—56; Mark xv. 38—41; Luke xxiii. 47—49; John xix. 34.

² John xvii. 24.

What songs of praise must have resounded through the courts of Heaven when Thy freed Spirit arrived with the spoils of victory. Thousand-fold praise must have been ascribed to Thee, by the holy angels and by Thine elect! And thus, O Lord Jesus, grant that my soul may be received with joy, when it departs from the body, that so I may be forever with Thee, my Lord!

The signs and wonders which accompanied Thy death, manifested how precious it was in Thy Father's sight! The veil of the temple was rent in twain! Formerly it hid the Holy of Holies, but now it was no more needed; for by one offering Thou didst obtain eternal redemption for us, and by Thy blood the meanest believer has liberty to enter into the Holiest. "Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need."¹

¹ Heb. iv. 16.

The earth quaked at the death of her Creator! Ah, Lord Jesus! all creation is more easily moved at Thy death than they for whom Thou didst give Thyself! O shame! that I have so often read, heard, and meditated of Thy death, while my heart remained cold and untouched! Ah! warm this cold and indifferent heart with the fire of Thy love, that I may love Thee because Thou hast first loved me!

Graves were opened, and many bodies of saints arose, to show how our life is bound up with Thine, and how we triumph in Thee! May those who are spiritually dead be awakened by Thy death! may they come out of the depths of sin wherein they lie buried, and walk in newness of life!

The rocks were rent! Thou hast rent the stony hearts of many; show forth Thy power on those of thousands! Break up, O Lord Jesus! all the stony ground that yet remains in my heart! Take away the

heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh !
Let me be as clay in Thy hand, that Thou
mayest fashion me as Thou wilt !

But men too felt the power of Thy death,
for the centurion glorified God, saying,
“Certainly this was a righteous man!”
“Truly this was the Son of God!” and all
the people “beholding the things which
were done, smote their breasts and re-
turned.” Lord Jesus ! grant that Thy
atoning death may work the same miracle
in the hearts of many to the glory of God
and to their eternal salvation !

SECOND MEDITATION.

Now, O my Saviour ! Thy Spirit had
entered into rest, but thy tortured body
still hung on the Cross ! Thy side is
pierced by a spear, and thereout comes
blood and water. Thou gavest us the last
drop of Thy Blood !

May the water and blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure!
Save me from its guilt and power.

The Blood and Water are represented by the two Sacraments of the new Covenant, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Ah, let me come to this fountain and drink freely! May the water of the Holy Spirit cleanse me from dead works to serve Thee, the living God! Do Thou fulfil Thine own promise, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh. And I will give you a heart of flesh, and I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do

them.”¹ Do Thou wash me, and make me white in Thy blood, O Thou Lamb of God!

Thy blood is the true Pool of Bethesda, having five porches, that is, Thy five wounds! But how much more anxious are men for a bodily rather than a spiritual cure. The Pool of Bethesda was only troubled once a year, and only one person was healed. The fountain of Thy blood is ever ready, and there is room for all who come. How many million Sinners have come near Thy Cross, and might have been saved, if there had only been something that they themselves could do. Oh, make me wise by the loss of others, and teach me that, like the man who had an infirmity thirty-and-eight years, I must be *put into the pool.*² Unless Thy Good Spirit leads and carries me, I shall never enter therein. Ah! may a great multitude come to this fountain, and be made whole!

¹ Ezek. xxxvi. 25—27.

² John v. 7.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Dear, dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to die no more.

THIRD MEDITATION.

Then, O my Saviour, Thy sacred body was taken down from the Cross. But first let me consider the insight given us into Thy heart, laid open for us; do Thou anoint mine eyes that I may see somewhat of the depths of Thy love! Thy heart was that of "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Thou didst become a surety for us when Thou didst deign to call us Thy friends, and truly¹ "greater love hath no

¹ John xv. 13.

man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

Thine is a *Brother's* heart; “Thou art the brother born for adversity!” Thou art flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, Thou wert in all things made like unto Thy brethren, and wert not ashamed to bestow that sweet title upon sinners, whom Thou hast made heirs of salvation,¹ “heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.”²

Thine is a *Father's* heart; as a tender father does all he can for the welfare of his children, so dost Thou, day and night. Thou dost provide for us, and draw us unto Thyself. “As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;” and as a Father chasteneth his children, so “whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” He doeth it “for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.”³ Thine is

¹ Heb. i. 14.

² Rom. viii. 17.

³ Heb. xii. 6—10.

the heart of a *Faithful Shepherd!* Thou leadest Thy sheep in green pastures and beside the still waters; and if one wanders, Thou seekest him and bringest him back rejoicing.

Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy beneath his beams,
Or in His shadow blest.

Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and His flock are one,
One shepherd and one fold.

Lord Jesus, Thy heart is more than that of a *Mother!* "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea they may forget, yet will I not forget Thee.¹ This is Thine own promise to Thy Church.

¹ Psalm xlix. 15.

Above all, O Lord, Thine is a *Saviour's* heart, — “My son” or my daughter “give me thine heart” — O Lord, take it! May I have one heart and one mind with Thee! unite me to Thyself and then “neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”¹

¹ Rom. viii. 38, 39.

The Twenty-Third Hour.

FROM FOUR TO FIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

MEDITATION.

AT this hour they made preparations for the Burial of Jesus. His Heavenly Father had appointed an honorable grave for the martyred body of His only begotten Son, and, therefore, caused Joseph, a rich man of Arimathea and moreover "a good man and a just,"¹ who hitherto had been only a secret disciple, to beg the body of Jesus! Pilate gave it him, and he wrapped it in a linen cloth, while Nicodemus "brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight."² "Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the man-

¹ Luke xxiii. 50.

² John xix. 39.

ner of the Jews is to bury." They thus showed their love to Jesus, and put many others to shame. Up, my soul, and follow their example! Thy gracious Saviour loved thee even unto death; come boldly forward and acknowledge Him in spite of danger and disgrace.¹

PRAYER.

Lord Jesus, enable me by Thy grace to spend this hour near to Thee! Lord, how wert Thou despised and neglected! When a man dies, his friends usually prepare him at once for burial; but Thou didst hang upon the Cross. Any one could have had Thee by asking, but none longed for Thee! Pilate knew not that Thou wert dead; and they who knew it, cared not for it, and had left Thee; and so is it now with numbers.

None drew out the nails, or washed away

¹ Mark xv. 42, 43; John xix. 39.

the blood, or took Thee down from the Cross! Let me, in Spirit, wash and anoint Thy Holy form with the spices of repentance, faith, and love! Let me wrap Thee in the fine linen of Thine own righteousness, which Thou hast given me; for I have nothing pure and clean of my own; even my best works are defiled with sin! What I do in spirit, Joseph and Nicodemus did in reality. They had hitherto been secret disciples, but they gained courage and strength at the Cross to confess Thee openly! It required courage; for it is said, Joseph went in "*boldly.*"¹ Joseph had much to lose; he was a rich man, and a councillor; but "he waited for the Kingdom of God," and he was thus raised above earthly fears. He *begged* for Thy Body; he received it as a gift; and thus may I receive Thee! Give me such love to Thee that I may say, with Asaph, "Whom

¹ Mark xv. 43.

have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." The love of these two timid disciples now broke forth, and put to shame that of those who had heretofore openly acknowledged Thee. Oh, Lord Jesus! when will the time come that the fear of man will be dead within me? and when my love will burst forth and overpower all restraints!

Shall I, for fear of sinful man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed or word,
Be a true witness to my Lord?

Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften Thy truths and smooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The Cross endured, my God, by Thee!

Lord, Thou hast done such great things for me, that my love ought to exceed that of all others! But, alas! Thou knowest

how many there are whose love overpasses
and excels mine !

O that my heart was right with Thee,
And loved Thee with a perfect love !
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from my soul remove !
Jesus, apply Thy pardoning blood,
And make this bosom fit for God !

O Lord, make me feel my coldness and indifference towards Thee ! Make me mourn for it, and hate it ; and do Thou, of Thy great mercy, take it away, and fill my heart with love to Thee ! Lord Jesus, may Thy preparation for the grave sanctify mine ! Thou didst die so poor, that Thou hadst nothing left to bury Thee, and thus hast Thou sanctified the poverty of Thy members, many of whom are in the same poverty. And if I should not die so poor, yet, if I am in Thy company, it matters not. Joseph and Nicodemus spent much on

Thee ; may I do the same on Thy poor members ; and do Thou root “covetousness, which is the root of all evil,” out of my heart. So be it, Lord !

Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day !

The Twenty-Fourth Hour.

FROM FIVE TO SIX FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

MEDITATION.

THIS was the hour of the Burial of Our Glorious Redeemer! He had no sepulchre of His own! As in life, He had not where to lay His head, so it was in death! Yet He must be honorably buried, to prove the reality of His death, to hallow our graves, and for His own honor! "Now, in the place where He was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre hewn in the rock, wherein was never man yet laid:" there they laid the body of Jesus, for the Sabbath drew nigh. The chief priests and pharisees made the sepulchre sure; sealing the great stone which was rolled to the door, and setting a watch,

“lest His disciples should come in the night and steal Him away.”

Let us learn all that the burial of Jesus is meant to teach us.¹

PRAYER.

O Thou slain Lamb of God, that takest away the Sins of the World, so Thou wert carried to Thy grave! Let me go and see where my Lord lay! Thy grave was in a garden! In a garden sin began, in a garden it was buried; in a garden sentence of death was pronounced upon us; in a garden Thou didst lie dead under that sentence! Ah, grant that whenever I am in a garden, I may profit by meditating on Thine agony in the Garden of Olives, on Thy burial in Joseph's garden, and on my own grave. Thou wert laid in a stranger's grave, be-

¹ Matt. xxvii. 57—66; Mark xv. 42—47; Luke xxiii. 50—56; John xix. 38—42.

cause Thou hadst nothing of Thine own either in life or in death. May Thy willing poverty make me eternally rich. "It behooved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren," even in His burial. And, O most Holy One, how hast Thou sanctified the graves of Thy people!

Why should we tremble to convey
Their relics to the tomb?
There the Redeemer's body lay,
And left a long perfume.
The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
And soften'd every bed.
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying head?

Thy weary limbs, that had suffered and toiled so much for me, and for my sins, now rested awhile from their labors; but even in death, O Lord, be Thou my life! I enter by faith into Thy grave, as Moses did "into

thick darkness where God was.”¹ There I may pour out all my complaints and all my desires before Thee. There will I anoint Thee with tears of repentance, faith, and love, and offer unto Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving for Thy saving faithfulness! There will I adore Thee, O “Thou fairest among the children of men!” Thy body is at rest. It seems as if it was doing nothing for me — but it is the rest after victory: a rest showing that all is done — all is won; a rest which sanctifies the last resting-place of our bodies.

Now the grave's a downy bed
Embroider'd round with blood.
Say not the believer's dead —
He only rests in God.

All our sins were laid upon the head of
“the Lamb slain from the foundation of

¹ Exodus xx. 21.

the world," who died "to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness;"¹ and now "the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found;² for they are all blotted out by the blood of Christ.

SECOND MEDITATION.

O my Saviour! suffer me never to nourish sin, which brought Thee to Thy grave. Didst Thou suffer so much to destroy it, and shall I foster or encourage it, either in myself or others! May I be buried with Thee and made a partaker of Thy death; may my old nature be crucified *with Thee*, that the body of sin may be destroyed, that henceforth I should not serve sin, but rather "die unto sin that I may live unto God!"

¹ Dan. ix. 24.² Jer. i. 20.

May I “walk in newness of life;”¹ may my life be hid in Thee — be Thou my life! Thou art the tree of Life; O feed me with the fruits thereof! Thy grave is the “field wherein a treasure was hid;”² let me “count all things but loss so that I may win Thee and be found in Thee, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.”³

Thy grave was an honorable one, as said the Prophet, “His rest shall be glorious.”⁴

And, lastly, it was an *empty* grave, for Thou didst burst the bonds of Death, because it was not possible that Thou shouldst be holden by them. “Thou didst ascend up on high, and lead captivity captive, and didst receive gifts for men.”

Lord, do Thou make my heart Thy resting-place! Empty it of all that is displeas-

¹ Rom. vi.

² Matt. xiii. 44.

³ Phil. iii. 8, 9.

⁴ Isa. xi. 10.

ing to Thee; make it new.¹ Thou sayest, "Behold! I make all things new:" make me a new creature by Thy Holy Spirit!² Grant that there may ever be a Sabbath in my soul, a peace which is the foretaste of that rest which remaineth for the People of God!³ What a tumult do my perverted affections, fancies, desires, and thoughts often raise within me! How do my inward foes rage! Truly, I am too often like "a troubled sea, when it cannot rest; whose waters cast up mire and dirt."⁴ Do Thou of Thy great mercy awake within me, and say, "Peace! be still!" May Thy name be as ointment, to preserve my soul from sin. Do Thou fashion me for Thyself! Keep my heart from all sin! Deliver my understanding from the power of darkness; my will from slavish fear and from discontent; my memory from all forgetfulness of

¹ Ezek. xviii. 31.

² 2 Cor. v. 5; Gal. vi. 15.

³ Heb. vi. 9.

⁴ Isaiah lvii. 20.

Thy love and Thy will! Preserve my affections from all uprisings of sin, my inclinations and desires from aiming at aught but Thee! Keep my thoughts from wandering; my senses from all excess, and all attachment to earthly things; and my members from being instruments of unrighteousness! Do Thou foster and cherish whatever seeds of grace Thou hast sown in me. Yea, do Thou keep me to a glorious eternity!

THIRD MEDITATION.

And now, O my Redeemer, how can I praise Thee sufficiently for the unspeakable wonders of Thy love, especially those which Thou didst manifest during the four-and-twenty hours I have been meditating on. How can I thank Thee for the great work of Redemption, for Thy holy and meritorious life from the manger to the grave, for Thy covenant of grace, for Thy surety-

ship, for Thy doings, and sufferings, for Thine atoning and mediatorial death and burial! Ah! Lord Jesus, all is so great, so wondrous, so infinitely precious, so indispensable to my salvation, that here below I need the strength of Thy Holy Spirit, and above I need a sinless eternity to enable me to praise and glorify Thee aright!

Hail, thou once despiséd Jesus!

Hail, thou Galilean King!

Thou didst suffer to release us,

Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,

Bearer of our sin and shame;

By Thy merits we find favor,

Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,

All our sins on Thee were laid;

By Almighty Love anointed,

Thou hast full atonement made.

All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood,
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side ;
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Glory be unto Thee, O Lord, for Thy
mysterious and miraculous birth, for every

hour of Thy life, every pang of Thy death! Glory be unto Thee for Thine undeserved grace and mercy to me, a sinner! Glory be unto Thee, for the unsearchable depths of Thy wisdom and love!¹ Glory and praise be to Thee for having borne my sins! Lord, I bless and praise Thy sacred lips for all the instruction, all the comfort, all the prayers, they did utter! I bless Thee for the mockery, the scorn, the blows, Thou didst endure! I bless Thee for hearing my cry, and answering my prayer! Ah Lord! forgive me for offering such thanks, so feeble, so imperfect, so spotted with sin! Do Thou glorify Thyself in me! Teach me to bless Thee aright, for Thy Holy Gospel, for the good news of salvation by free grace, which God, the Father, offers to all, through and in Thee!

Do Thou of Thy great mercy, wash me, and all readers of this little book, in Thine

¹ Rom. xi. 33; Eph. ix. 8.

own blood! May it be blessed to those who read, and lead many to glorify Thee and Thy saving Love!

And now, O Thou slain Lamb of God, hear my prayer for all whom I love, and for myself!

Grant that closer we may cleave
To Thy bleeding, dying breast;
Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest.
Lord, increase, increase our faith,
Make us faithful unto death.

Let us with a steadfast faith
View our dear, incarnate God,
Shudd'ring in the pangs of death,
Bow'd beneath our nature's load!
Make our union with Thee clear,
Perfect love, and cast out fear.

Let us trust Thee evermore,
Ev'ry moment on Thee call
For new life, new will, new pow'r,
Let us trust Thee, Lord of all!

May we nothing know beside
Jesus, and Him crucified !

O Lord Jesus, God manifest in the flesh,¹
Glorify Thyself!

¹ 1 Tim. iii. 16.

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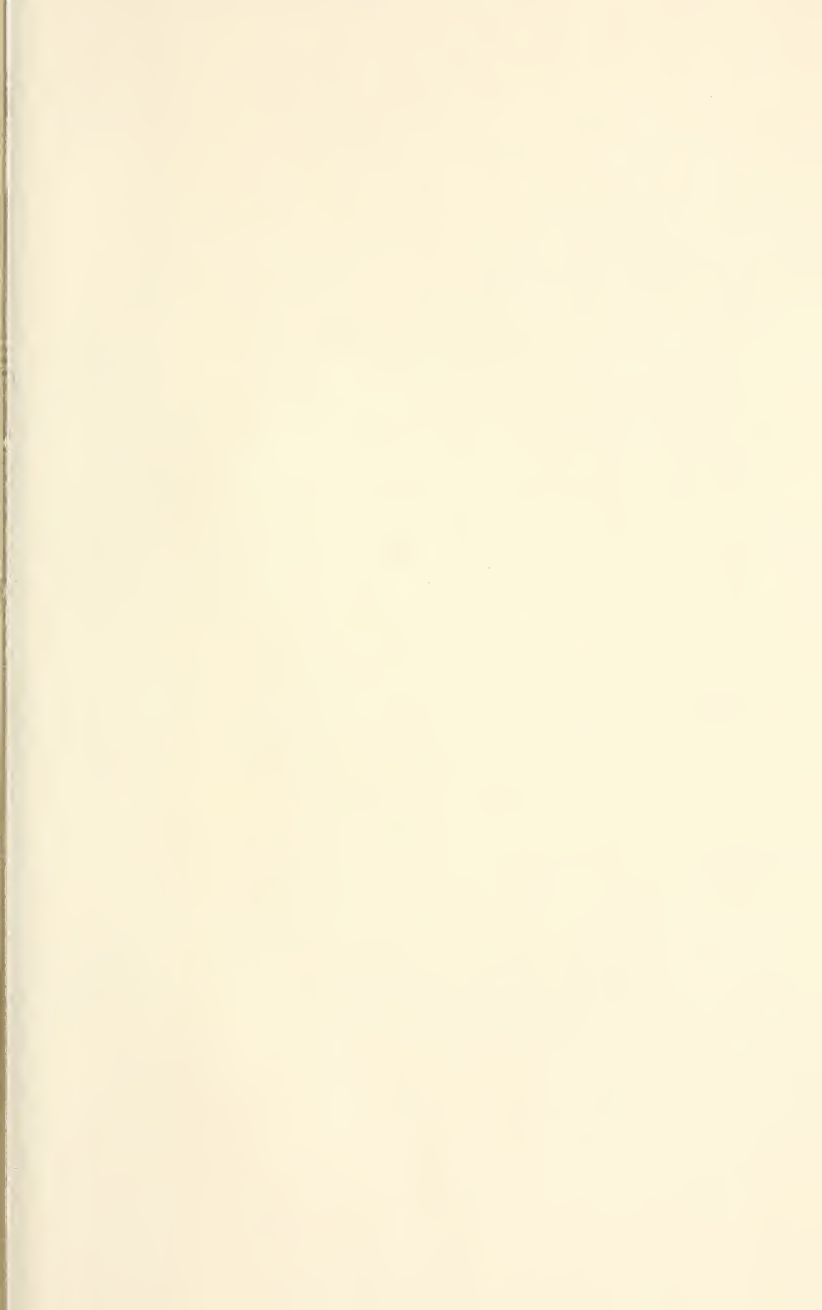
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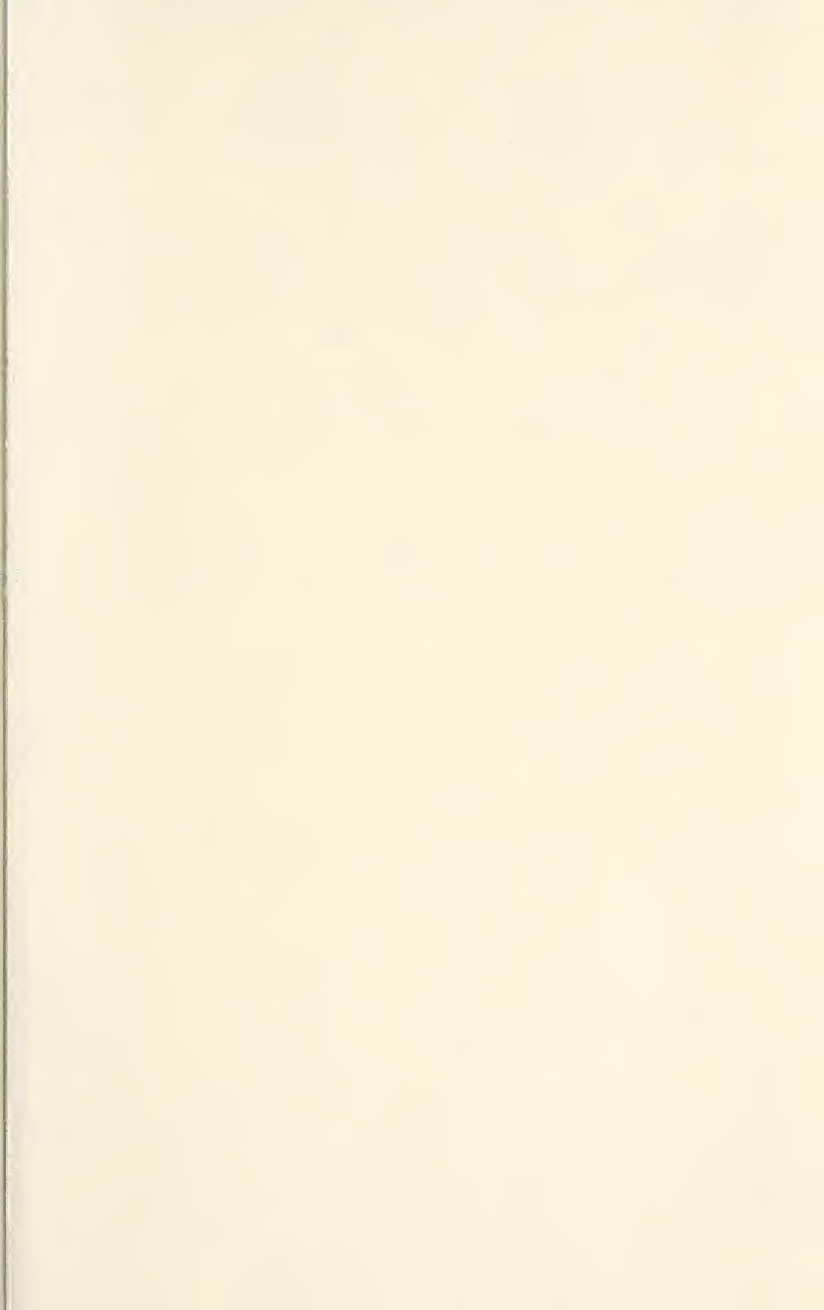
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